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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Court of France, from the year 1684 to the year 1720, now first translated from the Diary of the Marquis de Dangeau, with Historical and Critical Notes. London 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. Colman.

FERTILE as French literature is in Memoirs, the incidents which distinguished the reign of Louis XIV. have furnished materials for a greater number, than those of any other sovereign. The unusual length of his sway, commensurate almost with his life, the important events that took place throughout Europe, the splendour of his court, and the rapid progress of his subjects in commerce, literature, and the arts, have naturally excited in after times a strong interest in the transactions which marked his annals. Friends and foes have portrayed the character of this proud monarch; the former representing him as the friend of letters and the patron of the arts; the magnificent sovereign who covered France with palaces, and spread its influence to the remotest corners of the globe; who colonized Canada and Louisiana; conquered kingdoms in Hindostan, while he seated one of his grandsons on the throne of Spain and the Indies; and by his arms and policy overawed the continent of Europe. The latter, on the other hand, holding him up as a selfish tyrant, who trod under foot the few remaining liberties of his people; who oppressed the great mass of the nation to maintain the Asiatic pomp of his court, or to support unjust aggressions upon neighbouring states; who insulted every foreign government by his insolent interference with their affairs, while he drove into exile the most industrious portion of his own subjects, through his bigotry and intolerance. There is so much truth in both views of his character, that it would be difficult to decide whether he were more deserving of praise or of animadversion. As an absolute monarch, he had the natural vice of his station—he was fond of war and conquest; and the rapid advance which France then made in manufactures and commerce, as well as in extent and power, gave him ample opportunities of lording it over his neighbours. He was intolerant, particularly during the latter part of his reign, but in that he followed the almost universal spirit of his age; while, on the other hand, he protected men of letters, patronized the arts, and, by his example and fostering care, made his era the Augustan age of French literature. For his munificent patronage of letters, he is entitled to the highest praise, because it sprang from the impulse of his own mind. The canals which he opened; the magnificent roads which he caused to be formed throughout his kingdom; the splendid buildings with which he adorned the capital; the palaces he built at Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Marly, Séaux, and other places; the manufactures and commerce of his subjects, which he raised to the highest pitch of prosperity; are all sufficient proofs that, if his dominion were not free from great and glaring abuses, there still remained such a mass of good effected, that he cannot be justly refused the title of a mighty and able sovereign. The affairs of his time, too,

have excited still greater interest on account of the weak and wavering policy of his predecessor, and the indolent, voluptuous, and disgraceful reign of his grandson, Louis XV. Compared with either of these, he was a good, as well as a great prince. His personal worth and talents must have been considerable, since he attached to himself so many sincere and devoted friends during the whole period of his reign; and how much soever the measures of his government have been attacked by his contemporaries—and all Europe was arrayed against him in his latter days—a sovereign who obtained an ascendancy throughout the world, as much by his personal influence as by the terror of his arms, must have assuredly possessed no ordinary qualities of head and heart.

One of the favoured few who enjoyed his confidence and friendship was the author of the Memoirs before us. The Marquis de Dangeau was the very beau idéal of a courtier. Admiration of his royal master did not appear in him to be the result of policy or habit, but of deep-rooted conviction of the worthiness of the object. It is this open, naive, and sincere worship of his patron, that gives these Memoirs a peculiar charm, as they contain an undisguised statement of those very events of his reign which have been most severely blamed by historians. Louis was to him the mirror of grace, the model of taste, and the light of reason. The *iniqua corté* of Madame de Sevigné was to Dangeau the *court des Dieux*. From the regularity with which the Diary has been kept, it would appear that the courtly annalist was unwilling that a single day of his life should elapse "without a line." During a residence of thirty years at the most splendid court that France or Europe ever witnessed, he diligently noted down every incident as it occurred; the most minute as well as the most important; the most trifling particulars of etiquette, and the most interesting scenes of feeling. We have memoirs by various writers of different portions of the reign of Louis XIV., with innumerable volumes of political discussion concerning the policy he adopted; but we have nowhere a more curious record of the transactions which occurred, and of the individuals who made the most prominent figure at court, than in Dangeau's Memoirs. The occupations and amusements of the court have never been hitherto so fully described; and notwithstanding the numerous memoirs that treat of the same period, there is a great deal of interesting matter in these volumes which appear to us to be altogether original. Amongst the novel matter, we may merely notice, *en passant*, very ample details of the arrival of James II. in France, his proceedings, character, and conduct; his illness and death, with the generous hospitality of Lewis to his family; the proceedings adopted against the Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz; the accession of the grandson of Lewis to the throne of Spain, with the war of the succession; the state of the Court after Marlborough's victories; the misery of the people, occasioned by exorbitant taxation and a disastrous war; and the last illness and death of Lewis himself.

As each event that occurred during the author's residence at court is noted down at the time it happened, and is closely connected with others, it is difficult to quote from the diary his short statement of events, unconnected with their causes and consequences. We shall first notice his account of the arrival of James II. in France:—

"M. de Seiguelay entered the king's apartment, who was still in bed, and brought him letters from M. de Lauguri, who arrived on Tuesday morning at Calais, bringing with him the Queen and the Prince of Wales, whom the King had entrusted to him on Sunday or Monday evening; this plan had been in agitation for a fortnight. Lord Powis, husband of the gouvernante, had secretly brought the prince from Portsmouth to London, and had hidden him in a poor-house in the suburbs; above sixty persons, whom it was impossible not to entrust, were in the secret. The King of England retired to rest with the queen on Sunday as usual, and made her rise an hour afterwards to confide her to M. de Lauzun, who was waiting for her at the door of the chamber; he assisted her into the coach, and they then proceeded to fetch the Prince of Wales, with his nurse and rocker. They had relays of horses as far as beyond Gravesend, when they embarked on board a yacht belonging to M. de Lauzun; the captain did not know who his passengers were, and even M. de Lauzun, who had with him an Englishman to explain the commands issued by the captain of the yacht, was ordered by the King of England to forward him, in case he should wish to make any manoeuvres contrary to their intention of landing at Calais, or at some other French port. Saint Victor, who had all along been in the secret, had followed the coach alone upon horseback. Lord Powis and his lady had preceded them, and joined the queen in the yacht, in which the queen was concealed in the hold, carrying the Prince of Wales in her arms like a parcel of dirty linen. The child never cried; neither in the coach nor in the yacht; all was conducted in the happiest and most admirable manner. The queen upon arriving at Calais would not permit any honours to be shown her. M. de Lauzun informs the king that the King of England had commanded him not to place the queen in any hands but his, and that it was very unfortunate he could not execute this order, not having permission to present himself before his majesty. The king answered him with his own hand, wrote him a most condescending letter, and permits him to return to court." "The king has sent one of the gentlemen in ordinary to the Queen of England, to congratulate her upon her safe arrival, and his majesty will immediately send off carriages, guards, and all the necessary attendants for the service of the queen. Vincennes is furnishing for her reception; the first minister heads the household, as his father did before on a similar occasion, when they went to meet the late Queen of England." "The king received the intelligence that the King of England arrived yesterday at Ambletuse in good health. His majesty immediately despatched one of his gentlemen to carry the news to the Queen of England, who had reached Beaumont. She was at prayers when M. le Premier arrived

to announce the happy tidings, and as completely forgot her misfortune, that she lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, saying: "How happy I am!" An hour before this, we had presented the king's and the dauphiness's compliments to her, and, upon our return to her house, found her transported with joy. It is impossible for any one to appreciate more than she does the king's attentions to her; and she is extremely satisfied with the reception she has everywhere met with on her road. The king orders M. le Premier to set off immediately from Beaumont, in order to meet the King of England. Monsieur and Madame despatched the same orders to Messrs. Chatillon and de la Rougère, who had been deputed by them to pay their compliments to the queen. The king, after dinner, set off in his coach, accompanied by Monseigneur and Messieurs, and proceeded to a place called Chanton, where he awaited for the Queen of England, who arrived about a quarter of an hour afterwards. As soon as her carriage approached, the king, Monseigneur, and Monsieur alighted. The king stopped the carriage immediately preceding the queen's, in which was the Prince of Wales, whom the king embraced. During this, the Queen of England descended from her coach, and complimented the king with expressions full of gratitude, both on her own account, and on that of the king, her husband. The king replied, that he was rendering her a melancholy service upon this occasion, but that he hoped the time would come, when he would be of more essential use to them. The king had with him his guards, his light horse, and his musqueteers, and was accompanied by all his courtiers. The king got into the queen's coach, as did Monseigneur and Monsieur; this had been arranged the preceding day; it was on this account, that she was accompanied only by Lady Powis, and Signora Anna Vittoria Montecuccelli, an Italian lady, to whom she is very partial. They alighted at the chateau of St. Germain, which was magnificently furnished, and where every possible accommodation had been provided for the Prince of Wales.

In the protracted negotiations that led to the treaty of Ryswick, Lewis was required by the allies to send James II. out of France; but it is said that he would listen to no proposition of the kind, always observing that they were unfortunate persons to whom he had given an asylum, that he truly considered them as his friends, and that he would not send them away from him; that they were sufficiently to be pitied, without increasing their misfortunes. Their Britannic Majesties will, therefore, continue to reside at St. Germain. The king had the delicacy to order the leader of the music at mass not to have any thing sung in reference to the peace, out of regard to the King of England.

The behaviour of James at his last moments is thus described:—

"King James is very ill: it is not thought he can recover; he is no longer in a state to think of going to Fontainebleau, so that there will be more room for the courtiers. The poor king is dying like a snail, and the unhappy queen is in great affliction. The king went to St. Germain at two o'clock to see the King of England, who was very desirous of seeing his Majesty before his death. The king found the King of England a little better; but it is not thought he can last long. He spoke to the Prince of Wales his son, with much piety and firmness, telling him, that however splendid a crown may appear, there comes a time when it is quite indifferent; that there is nothing to be loved but God, nothing to be desired but eternity; that he should always remember to be-

have with respect to the Queen, his mother, and with attachment and gratitude to a King from whom they had received so many favours. He desires to be buried in the church of St. Germain, without any pomp, and like the poor of the parish. The poor king had sent in the morning for the Prince of Wales, to whom he said, 'Approach, my son; I have not seen you since the King of France made you king (alluding to Louis's promise of recognising him); never forget the obligations which you and me have to him; and remember that God and religion are always to be preferred to all temporal advantages.' He then relapsed into his lethargy, from which no remedy could rouse him. Whenever he has an interval of quiet, he speaks with a degree of piety and judgment that edifies every one; he seems even to speak more rationally than before his illness."

Louis the Fourteenth appears to have been extremely affable to his courtiers, and to have merited the strong attachment felt towards him by his subjects, at least till he fell under the influence of the bigotted Maintenon, and her ghostly satellites, fathers Le Tellier and La Chaise. We shall conclude our present notice of these memoirs by quoting an incident illustrative of his character, and a few other miscellaneous paragraphs of one year, taken at random, which will serve to exhibit the character of the work.

"The Marquis de Bedmar (the Spanish ambassador) is charmed with the king and his manners, and delighted at seeing the joy of all the courtiers. The Spaniards saw, with much pleasure, the king at dinner, and the familiarity of our master with the courtiers, which only tends to increase our respect. After dinner the king went out walking, when he ordered the courtiers to put on their hats, a condescension he habitually manifests; the Spaniards were a little surprised at it, and the king said to them: 'Gentlemen, no person ever appears covered in my presence; but in my walks I wish those who follow me not to take cold.' The Marquis de Bedmar said to him, 'Ah! sire, I wish the King, my master, (Louis's grandson, who had just then been declared King of Spain,) I wish the king had heard that.'

"1698, Jan. 6th.—The King would not keep twelfth-night at Versailles, as he has sometimes done in preceding years, on account of the great number of ladies whom he considered himself obliged to invite; he took the trouble to make a list of those who might reasonably claim the honour of eating with him, which amounted to four hundred and seven, and there are still some omitted; he told us, that in this number of ladies, there were more than two hundred whom he could by no means dispense with inviting."

"March 17th.—The marquis de Novion, a brigadier of infantry, has absented himself from Paris, and is believed to have quitted the Kingdom; he is accused of having, a month ago, caused the nose of a knight of Malta, named Saint Genie, to be cut off. It is said that they were both in love with madame du Belloy, and that this lady was insulted by the knight, which was the cause of this cruel act of vengeance. Madame du Belloy has appeared before the judges; it is thought, however, that she is innocent, and will therefore be acquitted."

"Aug. 24.—Versailles. The council of state condemned to death a man named Brogari, an accomplice of the person who cut off the nose of the chevalier de Saint Genie. Before he was hanged, he was put to the torture; and it appears, from what he stated, that it was the marquis de Novion who caused the crime to be committed, in order to avenge a lady. The marquis, fortunately for him, is out of the kingdom, but

his family are apprehensive of his being condemned to be executed in effigy."

"April 20th.—The abbé de Froulay, uncle to the count de Tessé, died at Paris; he was very old. This abbé de Froulay was a priest, and count de Lyon, a good kind of man, not deficient in talent or learning, but quite an original, and one of the greatest gourmands in France, even to the time of his death. He always walked from preference, and had chambers and linen in every part of Paris, that he might change when he felt occasion, for he perspired exceedingly, and was large and corpulent. In the summer time, he went without small-clothes in his cassock. One of the chorister boys, who discovered this circumstance in a church where he frequently said mass, was mischievous enough, while robing him in the sacristy, to pin the lower part of his shirt to the bottom of the alb, which at the ceremony of raising the host, produced a most ridiculous effect."

"24th.—The King took the diversion of hawking in the plain of Vezinés; the King of England and the Prince of Wales were there, but the Queen of England was not present; she has been indisposed for some days past; madame and madame la duchesse were on horseback. A black-kite was taken, and the King issued an order for six hundred francs for the head falconer; he gives this sum every year for the first black kite that is taken in his presence; formerly he gave the horse on which he rode, and his morning gown. Last year he gave the same sum for a kite taken in the presence of the duke de Bourgogne, but he caused to be inserted in the order, that it was not to be taken as a precedent, it being necessary that the King should be present."

"May 7th.—The marshals of France sentenced a captain of dragoons, named Aubin, to fifteen years imprisonment, for having whipped, with rods, one of his fellow captains, with whom he had a quarrel, and whom he thus assaulted in the morning while in bed: this was considered as a species of assassination."

"Aug. 20.—Marly. The parliament of Dijon has condemned to the stake a curate of Seurre, accused of the errors of Molinos, and of having fallen into great abominations. This curate was very intimate with madame de Guyon and father la Combe."

"Dec. 1.—The king took medicine; he takes it every month, on the last day of the moon. So much for gleamings as the example of one year, and for the first of Dangeau's volumes in English."

Thoughts on an Illustrious Exile, with other Poems. By Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq. 8vo. pp. 54. London 1825. Longman and Co.

Mrs. Boyd is so inveterate an anti-papist that he almost defies Buonaparte because he was a friend to toleration, and would not permit the Pope (nor any one else) to exercise an authority in France. He is "the illustrious exile," and we are somewhat surprised by the following suppositions concerning him.

"The Lord perchance, with some mysterious charm, Hath fenced thy life from foes, thy steps from harm, And sent thee forth his mandates to perform, Robbed in the terror of his fearful storm. Perchance, the heavenly hosts unwearied spread Their glittering banners o'er the Alps unfurled, And led the wonder of the gazing world To glory's fane; from Alexandria's coast Conveyed rejoicing Gallia's proudest boat; And, ere the waves, Marston stood, to shed By Danube's waters, and the Rhine's flood, In Elba's Isle their arms angelic reared, To smite the chief whom Rome and Satan feared; And now, the long, the dreadful conflict o'er, Sublimely sit, and watch Helona's shore, The time perchance, when rolling years have passed Above the horizon to appear at last, And as the bright and flaming dart of day Illumes the clouds, and melt the mist away."

Then yet sweet pierce the deep, the papal gloom,
And drive the serpent from the west of Rome!"

Pour Bonaparte did not himself think that guardian angels had any thing to do with him either at Elba or St. Helena; at the latter of which his bona fide guardian, Sir Hudson Lowe, was painted in quite opposite colours. As for his chance of advent "at last," to drive the serpents from Rome, which he plandered sufficiently in his natural flesh, we can only say that we doubt it exceedingly.

The whole of this poem (which is however short) is to our mind in very bad taste and feeling; and we shall only copy from it, as a proof, the concluding Epitaph on Napoleon:—

Here rests the only ruler of mankind,
By whom the Christian's rights were not confined;
By whom the Gospel's liberty was given,
And who worship God, beneath the cope of heaven."

A Monody on the late Wilson Lowry is infinitely superior both in subject and treatment. We give the last lines as a pleasing though melancholy example:

Alas! the vailles smile; the zephyr breathes:
Spring's lilies had the blooming plain invreathes,
Luxuriant: Cynthia fills her silver horn:
Night's purple robe the glittering stars adorn:
The seasons sun illumines retaining morn:
Wild beams unquenched; but on our wistful eyes,
Thy beam, O Lowry, never more will rise!
Thy power alone, who bade the world to be,
Can raise another, wise and great like thee!"

There are also some shorter pieces, chiefly translations, and two or three in Greek, which reminds us that we never paid our respects to Mr. Boyd's translation of *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. This is a prose translation; and tolerably correct and literal. Mr. Boyd has ventured to dissent (without presumption) from some of Dr. Blomfield's readings; but our opinion of that learned commentator is too plainly expressed in the first article in our last Literary Gazette, to permit us to acquiesce in Mr. Boyd's preference for the common editions in these points. Potter, no doubt, flourished over some passages in Æschylus, and showed completely how impossible it is to render a Greek (or any foreign) tongue into English verse; especially so difficult an author as Æschylus: and Mr. Boyd has as certainly given a version which may familiarize general English readers with the meaning of the original. But he is often inelegant, and we know not such words as "drearment," "contrarious," "efforescency," "hardiment," &c. &c. There is, nevertheless, considerable erudition, and other good qualities to recommend his translation to notice.

* Published by Messrs. Longman and Co. about two years ago, 8vo. pp. 78.

A Critical Enquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. London 1825. 8vo. pp. 382.

Two or three strong in some points, we never felt convinced by the volume which attempted to fix the authorship of Junius on Sir Philip Francis; and yet until the present argument appeared, it was certainly the best supported hypothesis upon this mysterious subject. Mr. Coventry has, however, made out an infinitely stronger case: a case, indeed, in which if we deem a few particulars irreconcilable with the general issue, or rather, we should say, not quite agreeing with it, there is still so powerful a body of evidence, moral, circumstantial, and direct, that it is almost impossible not to come to the same conclusion with the author, and pronounce Lord George Sackville, afterwards Lord George Germaine and Viscount Sackville, to be the writer of the Letters of Junius.

It appears to us to be demonstrated that Lord George possessed the abilities looked for in this

investigation;—that he was of that rank of life, which we never could, in our mind, separate from the authorship of these letters, and which is an essential want on the part of Sir Philip Francis;—and that, above all, he had a sufficient cause for the bitterness of hatred which is displayed by the anonymous writer. It is also remarkable that Junius abhorred the very same persons who must have been obnoxious to the animosity of Lord George Sackville, for the share they took in his disgrace, in consequence of his conduct at Minden; and that the periods of his political falls and risings agree with the times of Junius's publicity and silence. Upon the similarity of hand-writing we are not inclined to lay much stress; but even on this score the resemblance is sufficiently strong.

Having said so much upon the leading features of the question, which we think will recommend the perusal of the work itself to every one interested in it, it is not our purpose to follow the entire thread of Mr. Coventry's reasoning, or to dissect his particular propositions, we shall merely offer one or two observations on passages which have caught our attention.

Cumberland's whole character of Lord George Sackville is at war with the ideal character which every reader of Junius's Letters must form of that individual. He draws him throughout the greater part of his life, as being benevolent, gentle, and feeling. "Truth," says he, in one place, where he alludes to Lord George's intention to challenge the Marquis of Carmarthen, "truth obliges me to confess, that the friend of whom I am speaking, though possessing one of the best and kindest hearts that ever beat within a human breast, was with difficulty diverted from resorting a second time to that desperate remedy, which modern empirics have prescribed for wounds of a peculiar sort, oftentimes imaginary, and always to be cured by patience."

Now it is hardly in human nature to suppose that such a heart and disposition as this belonged to Junius!! Even the stigma of cowardice was insufficient to sting and goad it to that inveterate and rancorous persecution, not only of principals but of co-laterals in the injury, which we see in every page of this malignant and relentless writer. The tender mercies of a Junius are indeed difficult to imagine.

One of the strongest incidents on the other side is an interview and reconciliation sought by Lord Sackville, on his death-bed, with Lord Mansfield. How he had needed this as a soldier and a politician is by no means obvious: how much it might have been wanted to sooth his last moments as the conscious author of Junius, we have no occasion to show. This matter altogether, as related by Cumberland, is very curious; and we shall quote as much of Mr. Coventry's work as will serve to illustrate it.

"Cumberland was evidently," he says, "entrusted with some secrets, which he was bound in honour not to disclose, one instance in particular. What that instance was," he observes, "he needed not to have explained to me, nor am I careful to explain to any." His remarks are frequently couched in mysterious language: in another place, when speaking of Junius—"I never heard," says he, "that my friend Lord George Germain was among the suspected authors, till, by way of jest, he told me so not many days before his death; I did not want him to disavow it, for there could be no occasion to disprove an absolute impossibility."

"The opi- ion Cumberland entertained of Junius was in direct contradiction to the apparent character of Lord Sackville, which he held in such high esteem, that he did not want him to

disavow it. One would have thought that he was the greater occasion, that he might have been convinced the suspicion was groundless. I maintain, that it is impossible for any one to read this extract, without being forcibly struck with the circumstance of a dying man introducing the subject voluntarily, when he had never before hinted it to him during a long and intimate acquaintance.

"Cumberland asserts it was said in a joke; but every one who has been brought on a bed of sickness, or attended a friend or relation on such an occasion, must subscribe with myself in opinion, that this is not a time for joking. It appears, therefore, that Cumberland was unwilling to go into particulars with his noble friend, from the cause previously stated. Resolutions, however strongly made when health and strength are bestowed upon us, seldom or ever pass the confines of the grave. The soul, preparing to unfetter itself from every earthly tie, strives to leave its tenement pure and unshackled, that it may appear in the presence of its Maker robed in white: so that all sublimary and temporal affairs, which at one time seemed to possess interest and importance, cease to operate as mysteries. Lord Sackville confessed to his friend, that the time was come, when he could have no temptation to disguise and violate the truth, a much more awful trial was now close at hand, when he must suffer for it, if he did."

"In this frame of mind, alive to his situation, and feeling that the lamp of life, which for some time had been burning dim, was now nearly extinguished, he enquired of his friend, 'if Lord Mansfield was then at the Wells.' It was evident that the circumstance just alluded to dwelt heavily on his mind, by his anxiety to see that nobleman, with whom he was at the time on no terms of intimacy whatever. The interview is too interesting and affecting to pass over in silence. Cumberland having immediately proceeded to the Wells, in compliance with his Lordship's request, was fortunate enough to succeed in returning with Lord Mansfield. 'I was present,' he adds, 'at their interview; Lord Sackville, just dismounted from his horse, came into the room where he [Lord Mansfield] had waited a very few minutes: he staggered as he advanced to reach his hand to his respectable visitor; he drew his breath with palpitating quickness, and, if I remember rightly, never rode again. There was a death-like character in his countenance, that visibly affected and disturbed Lord Mansfield, in a manner that I did not quite expect, for it had more of horror in it than a firm man ought to have shewn, and less, perhaps, of other feelings, than a friend, invited to a meeting of that nature, must have discovered, had he not been frightened from his propriety."

"As soon as Lord Sackville had recovered his breath, his visitor remaining silent, he began by apologising for the trouble he had given him, and for the unpleasant spectacle he was conscious of exhibiting to him, in the condition he was now reduced to: 'but, my good Lord,' he said, 'though I ought not to have imposed upon you the painful ceremony of paying a last visit to a dying man, yet so great was my anxiety to return you my unfeigned thanks for all your goodness to me, all the kind protection you have shewn me through the course of my unprosperous life, that I could not know you were so near me, and not wish to assure you of the invariable respect I have entertained for your character, and now, in the most serious manner, to solicit your forgiveness, if ever, in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party, I have appeared in your eyes, at any moment of my life, unjust to your great merits, or forgetful of your many favours.'

When I record this speech, I give it to the reader as correct: I do not trust to memory at this distance: I transcribe it: I scorn the paltry trick of writing speeches for any man whose name is in these memoirs, or for myself, in whose name these memorials shall go forth respectable at least for their veracity; for I certainly cannot wish to present myself to the world in two such opposite and incoherent characters, as the writer of my own history and the hero of a fiction. Lord Mansfield made a reply perfectly becoming and highly satisfactory: he was far on in years, and not in sanguine health, or in a strong state of nerves: there was no immediate reason to continue the discourse; Lord Sackville did not press for it: his visitor departed, and I staid with him. He made no other observation upon what had passed, than that it was extremely obliging in Lord Mansfield, and then turned to other subjects.

"This affecting interview requires but little comment; it speaks volumes. Would any nobleman, I ask, unconscious of having wounded the feelings of another, take the trouble to send seven miles to request an interview, and to ask forgiveness for political errors, which he might have committed? No—but the wounds inflicted by Junius were of too deep and penetrating a nature ever to be healed, unless at a moment like the present. That heart, indeed, must have been callous to all feeling, which could leave the world without atonement, if it had it in its power; and it does honour to the memory of Lord Viscount Sackville, that he had sufficient fortitude left for the present occasion. He undoubtedly felt relieved in the performance of a duty, which the erring spirits of men owe one to another. Yet Lord Mansfield does not appear to have betrayed those symptoms of forgiveness, which were suited to so solemn an interview: he left the house somewhat abruptly; not a word transpired, how concerned he was at finding the dying nobleman in so weak a state; nor a hint escaped his lips at the afflicting situation of his family, who were about to be bereft of his society for ever. It was the only opportunity," says Cumberland, "I had of knowing something of the movements of Lord Mansfield's heart; I caught a glimpse, as it were, through a crevice, but it soon shut up, and the exterior remained as before, *tota teretisque rotundus*."

To this striking passage we shall add nothing but simply to mention that some good facsimiles and the engraving of two caricatures upon Lord George Sackville at Minden, give additional value to this volume. And, in conclusion, that so forcible do we consider the proof to be, we hardly expect ever to see any other claimants for the honours and infamy of Junius.

Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St.

Peter's River, Lake Winnipeg, Lake of the Woods, &c. in 1823. 8vo. 2 vols. Whitaker. These volumes supply in minute detail the proceedings of a party sent out by the United States government, to examine the country indicated in the title, and observe the condition of its Indian population. They are compiled by W. H. Keating, an American literary man, from materials furnished by Major Long, (the commander of the expedition,) and Messrs. Say, Keating, and Colhoun, his companions, who appear to have been selected for their knowledge in natural history, and medical, geological, and other branches of science.

All the travellers seem to have employed themselves industriously in the business chalked out for them, and the information they have collected is the most circumstantial which we have met with respecting the parts and tribes

which they explored. Indeed the narrative is rather too circumstantial: some of the medical remarks might well have been spared, and even the geological and other observations are spun out too much for a region to which so little comparative interest attaches. These matters were no doubt fit for the reports to the government, which sought for every kind of intelligence; but they were not so necessary or acceptable to the general reader.

Without following the track from Washington, by Zanesville, Columbus, and Fort Wayne, to Fort Dearborn, the lower end of Lake Michigan, (which may readily be traced on any common map,) we shall in this paper abridge such details of the Potawatomi who inhabit the district between these two forts, as we think will be found descriptive of that tribe—now, like almost every other, sinking fast into oblivion, before the overwhelming encroachments of the white people.

The hunting grounds of the Potawatomi appear to be bounded on the north by the St. Joseph, (which on the east side of Lake Michigan separates them from the Ottawas,) and the Milwaukee, which on the west side of the lake, divides them from the Menomones. They spread to the south along the Illinois river about two hundred miles; to the west their grounds extend as far as Rock river, and the Mequin or Spoon river of the Illinois: to the east they probably seldom pass beyond the Wabash.

Originally "the Potawatomi resided on the banks of Lake Michigan. Of their first meeting with the Miami, the following tradition appears to be fresh in the recollection of all. It is said that a Miami, having wandered out from his cabin, met three Indians whose language was unintelligible to him; by signs and motions he invited them to follow him to his cabin, where they were hospitably entertained, and where they remained until dark. During the night, two strange Indians stole from the hut, while their comrade and host were asleep; they took a few embers from the cabin, and placing these near the door of the hut, they made a fire, which being afterwards seen by the Miami and his remaining guest, was understood to imply a council fire in token of peace between the two nations. From this circumstance the Miami called them in his language *Wahonahs*, or the makers, which being translated into the other language, produced the term by which this nation has ever since been distinguished. All the Indians of this part of the country recognise their alliance with the Delaware Indians, whom they seem to consider as their forefathers, applying to them in councils the appellation of 'Grandfathers,' and recognising their right of interfering and of deciding in the last resort in all their national concerns. This right extends, however, only so far as to make their approbation necessary to the adoption of any important measure. Should it be withheld, the matter is again referred to the nations, for consideration in their separate councils; and should they persevere in the measure, it would bring on a separation of the alliance, and the nation refusing to submit to the decision of their grandfathers, would be considered as strangers. No such instance is, however, recorded, and it is a remarkable trait in the character of all Indian institutions, as far as we observed, that the principle of the binding influence of the will of the majority is unknown. In all their decisions, unanimity must be obtained, and very seldom fails to be procured. Firmness of purpose and an invincible perseverance in all plans against national enemies, seem with them to be united to a great spirit of conciliation among themselves,

and to an indifference, as to the final result of any measure which they advocate in their councils. The success of a measure depends altogether upon the personal influence of the man who brings it forward. If he be one whom they deem wise in his generation, or if he be supposed to be gifted with supernatural talents, they will yield to his suggestions without opposition; if, on the contrary, he be possessed of but little weight, he meets with no support, and his good sense probably induces him to relinquish his scheme.

"When the Miami first met with the Potawatomi, they applied to them the title of younger brothers; but this was afterwards changed, and their seniority acknowledged, from the circumstance that they resided further to the west; as those nations which reside to the west of others are deemed more ancient. This was settled in a council of the two nations, held some time after their first meeting; the Potawatomi, being at present acknowledged and styled elder brothers, and the Miami younger brothers. But the council fire is always held with the Miami. By some it is mentioned, that they have no recollection of the Potawatomi, having never assisted at any council fire but one, which was held on the St. Joseph, (of Lake Michigan,) and at which the Chippewas, Potawatomi, and Ottawas were present."

Their notions of religion appear to be of the most simple kind; they believe in the existence of an only God, whom they term *Kashamaneeto*, or Great Spirit. *Kasha* means great, and *Maneto* an irresistible almighty being. The epithet of *Kasha* is never applied to any other word, but as connected with the Supreme Being, it would be highly indecorous to apply it to a house, a horse, or any other visible object. Yet it is, in a few instances applied to a good man, in order to give more force to the expression, by connecting his good qualities with those which they ascribe to the Great Spirit. They recognise also an *Evil Spirit*, whom they call *Matchamaneeto* (from *match*, which signifies bad.) This unfavourable epithet is not restricted in its application, but is extended to all unpleasant or disagreeable objects. They consider themselves as indebted to the Good Spirit for the warm winds from the south, while the Evil one sends the cold winds, and storms of the north. The *Matchamaneeto* resides in the cold regions of the north, where the sun never shines. The *Kashamaneeto*, on the contrary, dwells at "midday-sun's place." Their worship appears to be principally addressed to the Evil Spirit, whom they think it expedient to propitiate; the good one needing no prayers, for his natural goodness will always induce him to assist and protect man without being reminded of it by his petitions; neither do they believe that their prayers to the Evil Spirit can in any manner displease the Good. In certain cases, however, as when afflicted with disease, or when impelled to it in a dream, they will offer a sacrifice of living animals to the *Kashamaneeto*. This is generally done at the suggestion of one of the chiefs or leaders, who calls all the warriors together, explains to them his views, and appoints one of them to go in search of a buck, to another he commits the killing of a raccoon, to a third he allots some other animal to be killed; and when they have been successful in their respective hunts, they meet and fasten the first buck which they kill, upon a high pole, and leave it in this situation, so that it may serve as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. The other animal would answer as well as a buck. Upon the remainder of the chase they feast. After having boiled the animal, they partake of

it in the name of the Great Spirit. The object of these sacrifices is to obtain luck in their pursuits, whether of hunting or fighting; these feasts are generally accompanied with prayers, dancing, singing, &c. The only period when they have regular sacrifices is during the winter and spring of the year, at which time many of the warriors give feasts; each selects the time that suits him best, and invites such guests as he thinks proper. Having assembled them all, he rises, takes a sort of tambourine formed by fastening a piece of skin or parchment upon a frame, he beats upon this and addresses himself to the divinity, accompanying his invocation by many violent gestures. They have no set form of prayer; when he has concluded, he resumes his seat, hands over the tambourine to another, who proceeds in the same manner. They have regular songs, which they sing together on such occasions. No other music is ever used but that of the tambourine.

Among the Potawatomi polygamy is not only allowed but even encouraged; a man has two or more wives, sometimes four, according to his skill and success as a hunter. The number of wives which an Indian keeps, is equal to that which he can support and maintain: he, therefore, that has many, is respected as being a better or more favoured hunter than he that has but one wife.

Dr. Hall observes, that polygamy exists in the proportion of twenty-five per cent., that some men have three, four, or five wives, and one man was known to have eight. They appear to be very attentive to the proper education to be given to children, in order to impart to them those qualities both of the mind and body, which shall enable them to endure fatigue and privation, and to obtain an influence, either in the councils of the nation, or during their military operations. When questioned on this subject, Metea replied, that while he was yet very young, his father began to instruct him, and incessantly, day after day, and night after night, taught him the traditions, the laws and ceremonies of his nation. 'This he did,' said Metea, 'that I might one day benefit my country with my counsel.' The education of boys generally commences at ten or twelve years of age; they accustom them early to the endurance of cold, by making them bathe every morning in winter. They likewise encourage them to habituate themselves to the privation of food. In this manner, children are observed to acquire, more readily, the qualifications which it is desirable for an Indian to possess. Parents use no compulsory means to reduce their children to obedience, but they generally succeed in obtaining a powerful influence over them, by acting upon their fears; they tell them that if they do not behave themselves as they are bid, they will irritate the Great Spirit, who will deprive them of all luck as hunters, and as warriors. This, together with the constant and never-ceasing importunities, which the children observe, that their parents attribute to luck in all their pursuits, is found to have the desired effect upon the minds of young persons, fired with the ambition of becoming distinguished, at some future day, by their skill and success. Their fasts are marked by the ceremony of smearing their faces, hands, &c. with charcoal. To effect this, they take a piece of wood of the length of the finger, and suspend it to their necks, they char one end of

it. Among the Shawanese there is a solemn festival called the green corn dance, which respects the offering of the first fruits as enjoined to the Israelites. This practice is said to exist among the Creeks, Cherokees, and other southern tribes, but is unknown to Potawatomi and other nations, which live in the neighbourhood of the Shawanese. It is said, that among the latter, however ripe an individual's corn may be, he will not pick it until after the celebration of the festival,

it, and rub themselves with the coal every morning, keeping it on until after sunset. No person, whose face is blackened, dare eat or drink any thing during that time; whatever may be the cravings of his appetite, he must restrict them until the evening arrives, when he may wash off his black paint, and indulge, moderately, in the use of food. The next morning he repeats the ceremony of blackening his face, and continues it from day to day, until the whole of his piece of wood be consumed, which generally takes place in the course of from ten to twelve days.

"After this term, they either suspend their mortifications, or continue them according as the exigencies of the case seem to require."

They themselves believe that they came from the vicinity of the Sault de St. Marie, where they presume that they were created. A singular belief, which they entertain, is, that the souls of the departed have, on their way to the great prairie, to cross a large stream, over which a log is placed as a bridge; but that this is in such constant agitation, that none but the spirits of good men can pass over it in safety, while those of the bad slip from the log into the water, and are never after heard of. This information they pretend to have had revealed to them by one of their ancestors, who, being dead, travelled to the edge of the stream, but not liking to venture on the log, determined to return to the land of the living, which purpose he effected, having been seen once more among his friends, two days after his reputed death. He informed them of what he had observed, and further told them, that while on the verge of the stream, he had heard the sounds of the drum, to the beat of which the blessed were dancing on the opposite prairie. This story they firmly believe.

"It does not appear that the same care is extended to the religious principles of females. We never heard of their joining in fasts or mortifications; they are not allowed to take a part in the public sacrifices, and as they have no concern in the noble occupations of war or the chase, it probably matters but little whether or not they are agreeable in the sight of the Great Spirit. The only inducement which they have to pray is, that they may continue to hold a place in the affections of their husbands; but the men, being quite indifferent upon this point, would deem it unworthy of their superior rank in the creation, to bestow a thought upon the subject."

There seems to be striking physical differences among the Indians. One of the best informed of them observed, that they knew every tribe at first sight, as the shape, colour, legs, knees, and feet were all certain marks of distinction. But to return to the Potawatomi:

If, in the intercourse of the Potawatomi with men of his own tribe, we observe many of the virtues and finer feelings which adorn mankind in all situations; we have, unfortunately, cause to regret, that in his conduct towards other nations, he appears under very disadvantageous colours. To a stranger, if he be not an enemy, it is true, that he will extend the most unrestricted hospitality: his principles, as well as his habits of life, prevent his greeting him, or joining him in conversation; but all that the most liberal spirit can do, to secure to him a friendly and fraternal reception, is cordially done. In all his actions, words, and motions, the stranger must, however, take heed lest he reveal himself to be an enemy: for in that case, not the bread that they have been breaking together, nor the tobacco of which they have both smoked, nor the sacred laws of hospitality, could protect the guest from the vengeance which the Potawa-

tom considers as enjoined upon him by the paramount obligation of destroying his enemy, or that of his nation, wherever he may meet with him. Their feeling of hatred and resentment against all nations with which they are at war, has led them to deeds, from the recital of which we shrink with disgust. Among these there is none more horrible, and on the subject of which so much difference of opinion has existed, as that of cannibalism.

Our author cites many instances to prove that this shocking propensity undoubtedly has existed and does exist, though often modified in the way of its indulgence. In conclusion he says:

"We are far, however, from asserting, that this practice has prevailed universally among the Indians; the evidences on the subject of cannibalism of the Dakota or Sioux Indians (Naudowessies of Carver) are too few and too suspicious; they are refuted by too many contradictory facts to permit us to place any confidence in them; but the case is otherwise with the Chippewas, the Miamis, the Potawatomi, and all the other Indian nations, which are known to be of Algonquin origin.

"The motives which impel them to cannibalism are various: in some cases it is produced by a famine over the country, and of this we shall be able to cite a number of well attested instances, some of which carry with them very horrible features, when we treat of the Chippewa tribes, west of Lake Superior. Another, and a more frequent cause, is the desire of venting their rage upon a defeated enemy, or a belief that, by so doing, they acquire a charm that will make them irresistible. It is a common superstition with them, that he that tastes of the body of a brave man acquires a part of his valour, and that if he can eat his heart, which by them is considered as the seat of all courage, the share of bravery which he derives from it is still greater. It matters not whether the foe be a white man or an Indian; provided he be an enemy, it is all that is required. Mr. Barron has seen the Potawatomi, with the hands and limbs both of white men and Cherokees, which they were about to devour.

"Among some tribes, cannibalism is universal, but it appears that among the Potawatomi it is generally restricted to a society or fraternity, whose privilege and duty it is, on all occasions, to eat of the enemy's flesh; at least one individual must be eaten. The flesh is sometimes dried and taken to the village. Not only are the members of this fraternity endued with great virtues, but it is said they can impart them, by means of spells, to any individual whom they wish to favour. No warrior can be elected into the association, except by the unanimous consent of its members. In such a case, the candidate for this distinction, which is held in great esteem, makes a fine present to the society. We shall have an opportunity of recurring on some future occasion to this subject, and we shall be enabled to prove the participation in this nefarious practice, of many Indian tribes collected together on a memorable occasion, at the siege of Fort Meigs, in 1813. We do not wish to be considered as asserting that human flesh is usually, or as a matter of preference, eaten by these Indians, or by any others with whom we may have met; but that it has been eaten on many occasions under the most aggravating circumstances, and without the least shadow of necessity, we consider as fully established.

The Potawatomi, (as well as other natives,) are often bitten by rattle-snakes; the wound is cured among the Potawatomi by poultices of the Seneca snake-root, draughts of violet tea, and *Equisetum perfoliatum*; they have other reme-

ties, which they keep secret. The venom of the snake is considered greater at some periods of the moon than at others; in the month of August it is most so. These Indians entertain a high degree of veneration for the rattle-snake; not that they consider it in the light of a spirit, as has frequently but incorrectly been asserted, but because they are grateful to it for the timely warning which it has often given them of the approach of an enemy. They therefore seldom kill it, unless when a young man fancies that he requires a rattle, in which case he will have no hesitation in killing a snake; which act he, however, always accompanies by certain forms. He introduces it by many apologies to the animal, informing it that he wants the rattle as an ornament for his person, and by no means to make fun of it, and in testimony of his amity to the species, leaves a piece of tobacco near the carcass. The fang of the snake is held to be a charm against rheumatism and other internal pains; the mode of applying it consists in scratching the affected part with it until it bleeds. In their rude midwifery, they use the rattle to assist in parturition; it is then administered internally; it is not, however, used as an emmenagogue. Leprosy is known among them, and has been observed under some of its most horrible features. In a case, known to Dr. Hall, the patient required some one to be constantly scraping his body and limbs with a knife. A double handful of furfureaceous matter was daily discharged; and he died in the course of six months; his feet had turned as black as gunpowder.

Their endurance of cold is great. Their powers of digestion are strong, but exposed to severe trials. The quantity of food which an Indian will take when he has it in abundance, is surprising, and if considered in connection with what is related by Captain Parry of the appetite of the Esquimaux, would lead us to believe that this is not peculiar to any nation of Indians, but that it belongs to man in general in his wild state. We find that it extends also to the half-breeds who live among them. The observations made at a later period of the expedition, upon the quantity of buffalo meat consumed by every man of the party, confirm this. The usual allowance of fresh buffalo meat to the guides and boatmen of the fur-trading companies, is not less than eight pounds per day; and it is probable, that during the short time the party were among the buffalo, the ratio of each of the gentlemen averaged about four pounds. This is not to be attributed to any want of nutritive power in the flesh of the buffalo, but to the great facility that attends the digestion of this food, and to the irregular habits which even the most civilized men readily acquire as soon as they find themselves beyond the pale of society. Certain it is, that if well provided with food, and not engaged in hunting, the Potawatomi will eat from ten to twenty times a day. Frequent exposure to privation of food has, however, accustomed him to endure the want of it with more fortitude, and perhaps with less real inconvenience, than the white man. There is also probably a moral support which the red man receives from the recollection, that, however frequent, and however long have been the intervals during which he was deprived of all subsistence, they have always terminated in time to secure him from absolute famine; he, therefore, always retains the hope of being soon restored to abundance. The white man, less accustomed to these privations, considers himself as lost the very first time that he misses his usual allowance; and is thus deprived of the great accession of physical strength which proceeds from moral courage. Notwithstanding

their great fortitude, the men of this nation are sometimes liable to unaccountable depression of spirits, which seldom, however, leads them to commit suicide; we heard of two instances only, one of which was in a fit of intoxication, and the other to get rid of a scolding wife.

The population of this tribe is variously represented: perhaps about 3000 is near the truth. They receive an annuity from the United States; and the dollars are shared by the chief, and generally immediately spent in spirituous liquors and other destructive intemperance, to which they are tempted upon the occasion.

From Lake Michigan, the expedition crossed a vast track of country to Lake Winnepeg; ascending the Mississippi and the St. Peter's rivers; and then following the course of the Red River till it fell into the latter lake; but this portion of their journey, as well as their subsequent retrogression by Lake Superior and Lake Huron, must be postponed for future consideration.

WALTON'S LIVES.

ALTHOUGH in his life of Dr. Donne, Walton, after relating the spectral story with which the short notice in our last Number concluded, did give every body leave to enjoy his own opinion in such matters, he, notwithstanding, quotes both sacred and profane writers to show which way the opinion ought to go, and implies his own firm belief of the story; to which we will add another of the same kind, from another of the *Lives*, that of Sir H. Wotton, before we copy Donne's lines on leaving his wife, which, with the quaintness and far-sought metaphor of the age, combine much of natural affection. It is as follows:

"In the year of our Redemption 1553, Nicholas Wotton Dean of Canterbury, whom I formerly mentioned,—being then Ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project, as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life, and ruin of his family.

"Doubtless the good Dean did well know that common Dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-extended affections, when we betake ourselves to rest; and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstition, as they too often do. But, though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophecies are ceased; yet doubtless he could not but consider, that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration; and did therefore rather lay this Dream aside, than intend totally to lose it; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double dream, like that of Pharaoh,—of which double Dreams the learned have made many observations,—and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a Dream to reveal and assure Monica, the Mother of St. Austin, That he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly, and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian: This, I believe, the good Dean considered; and considering also that Almighty God,—though the causes of Dreams be often unknown,—hath ever in these latter times also, by a certain illumination of the soul in sleep, discovered many things that human wisdom could not foresee; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or

to his Nephew. And to that end he wrote to the Queen,—twas Queen Mary,—and besought her, That she would cause his Nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent; and that the Lords of her Council might interrogate him in some such feigned questions, as might give a colour for his commitment into a favourable prison; declaring that he would acquaint her Majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her Majesty.

"It was done as the Dean desired: and in prison I must leave Mr. Wotton, till I have told the Reader what followed.

"At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our Queen Mary, and Philip, King of Spain; and though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion, of her Privy Council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation; yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it: believing,—as they said,—it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

"And of this number, Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Boxley Abbey in Kent,—betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons there had been an ancient and entire friendship,—was the principal actor; who having persuaded many of the Nobility and Gentry,—especially of Kent—to side with him, and he being defeated, and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life: so did the Duke of Suffolk and divers others, especially many of the Gentry of Kent, who were there in several places executed as Wyatt's assistants.

"And of this number, in all probability, had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined; for though he could not be ignorant that another man's Treason makes it mine by concealing it, yet he durst confess to his Uncle, when he returned to England, and then came to visit him in prison, That he had more than an intimation of Wyatt's intentions; and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his Uncle had not so happily dreamed him into a prison; out of which place he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the Dream more seriously, and then both joined in praising God for it; That God, who ties himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing of mercy to those, whom of good pleasure he hath chosen to love.

"And this Dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to his people in Visions, did seem to speak to many of this family in Dreams; of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose Dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and discovering things past; and the particular is this.—This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed that the University Treasury was robbed by Townsmen and poor Scholars, and that the number was five; and being that day to write to his son Henry at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains, as by a postscript in his letter to make a slight enquiry of it. The letter,—which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before—came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed; and when the City and University were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton shew his father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

"And it may yet be more considerable, that

the Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both being men of holy lives, of even temper, and much given to fasting and prayer—forces and forest the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age, and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age; who being then in London, where he died, and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Boston; and though he thought his Uncle Nicholas worthy of that noble monument which he built for him in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury; yet this humble man gave direction concerning himself, to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral. This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God."

Having related this other marvel, which illustrates the spirit of the times, we return to Mr. Donne, and the poem to which we formerly referred.

A Fable, touching, forsoaking to Mourne.
 As virtuous men pass mildly away,
 And whisper to their souls to go,
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
 "The breath goes now, and some say, No!"

So they must melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh tempests move;
 "A breath" the most of our life is,
 "To tell the lady our love."—
 "A breath" the most of our life is,
 "To tell the lady our love."—
 "A breath" the most of our life is,
 "To tell the lady our love."—

But we by a love so far refin'd,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Jazz-assert of the mind,
 Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss;
 Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If we be two, we are two so,
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but does if th' other do.
 And though thine in the centre sit,
 Yet, when my other far does roam,
 Thine soul secures and harkens after it,
 And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such will thou be to me, my must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And me to end where I begun.

He lost this beloved object after she had made him the father of twelve children, seven of whom survived her. Succeeding events we shall hastily run over. Having attended the Queen of Bohemia or the Continent,

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Denmery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. "When his Majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and though you sit not down with me, yet I will give to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his Denmery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the Chapel; suffering, as holy David once vowed, his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God.

He was fifty years old when this promotion happened, and in four years after lost his health, and though he partially recovered, only survived to see the ninth year of his denmery.

Not long before his death, he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an Anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the Cross; his varying no otherwise, than to affix him not to a Cross, but to an Anchor—the emblem of Hope;—this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures drawn to be engraven very small in Heliotropium stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals, or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

In the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten: all which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the residue of 1400 Authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand; he left also six score of his Sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious Treatise concerning Self-Murder, called *Biathanatos*; wherein all the Laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured; a Treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon Law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbourhoods, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers Letters and Cases of Conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them; and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him; making his Will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death.

Having preached (in a state almost approaching to dissolution in the pulpit) his last annual Lent sermon,

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a Caryer to make for him in wood the figure of an *Urn*, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body.

These being got, then without delay a choice Painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large Study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this *Urn* he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside, as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then

given to his dearest friend, and Executor Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that Church.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job, so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beautiful vision, he said, *I were miserable if I might not die; and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.* His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master,—for who speaks like him,—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on Earth, as Angels are said to do in Heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing Heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look stedfastly into it, until he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes; and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

The curious reader might do well to glance over Donne's early amatory poems, to see how coarse the language, if not the mental perceptions and morals of his age were; since so pious a person could write in so free a style. But here, to give the requisite variety to our Number, we, for the present, suspend our extracts.

ROSS'S MANUAL OF CLASSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

Continued.
 As we continue to introduce our readers to the two extensive volumes before us, it is our desire, that they may more fully enter into our remarks, to notice principally those authors, who are more generally known to younger students, as well as to the learned in classical literature.

Of the Fables of *Æsop* we should observe, that many of the early editions have much intrinsic interest to recommend them. For it is natural to suppose that a variety of these fables, collected as they seem to be from innumerable sources, added and superadded to the original forgery of Planudes, from the early tales of our own country, from Persia, from Germany, from Sweden, and elsewhere—it is but natural, we say, to suppose, that this book must have gradually increased since the middle of the fifteenth century, and such increase may in some measure show, if not the actual date of the fables themselves,

least the period at which they were first incorporated amongst the supposed inventions of *Æsop*. No account, however, is given by Mr. Moss of any of these early editions, excepting that of Verona, 1479, which is accompanied by an Italian verse translation by Accius Zuchi, and of which a very copious and interesting detail is presented to us. The Greek impression, however, of Accursius, and the subsequent one printed at Naples in 1485, are described as 'amply as we could desire.' The Oxford edition of 1698 is remarkable for containing the Hebrew version of *Æsopitus*, and Erpenius's Arabic translation of the *Fables of Lohenan*, besides "60 others exquisitely written" (says Warton) *Versibus Senariis*, by Anthony Alciator, the editor, who was one of Bentley's antagonists in the *Æsopian* controversy.

Of no author, perhaps, are the editions more numerous than of Anacreon, whose works moreover have been ennobled by some of the most splendid specimens of printing, from the elegance of Henry Stephens, to the brilliancy and magnificence of Bodoni. Of the former edition just mentioned, Mr. Moss has given a full and very excellent character, yet in no wise more than it deserves, being certainly one of the most beautiful, accurate, and valuable productions of that eminent typographer. The editions by Barnes are stated in a very confused manner. "The Cambridge editions (of 1705—21) are more correct than the London one of 1734." This work is held in considerable estimation, of which there have been many editions since this of which we are speaking, which is undoubtedly the most beautiful. This is about as clumsy a sentence as we ever met with, and throws less than no light at all upon the subject. We may, however, observe that the first of these editions is the most correct as well as the most beautiful; there were some half dozen copies of it struck off upon a strong thick paper, forming a very beautiful little book. We regret that our author has followed Mr. Dibdin and other bibliographers in propagating the absurd falsehood, that Maittaire printed only 100 copies of his Anacreon, when it is well known that upwards of 500 copies of each edition are now scattered over this country. We regret still more that this scandalous practice of imposition prevails, as we have good reason to believe, up to the present day; and we fear it has proved but too successful a method of extorting money from the credulous collector. We must beg leave to object to one very dangerous remark which Mr. Moss has ventured upon respecting Fischer's editions of this writer; "the latter (of 1793) containing more copious notes than the former ones, is, of course, the most valuable." That the last edition is in the present instance the best, we admit, for the editor really added some notes of importance to it, but that such is always, or generally, the case, we are by no means convinced, but suspect that such enlargements are often mere editors' tricks, and had much better been left alone. We confess rather a mischievous inclination to notice the extraordinary interest which bibliomanics take in the impressions of Brunk's edition upon *his skin*, but as we have never met with one of these choice copies ourselves, we shall but just proceed to mention a few of the English translations of the Teian love poet. Of these it is not a little remarkable that the three earliest stand under the same date, and we do not feel quite certain but what a fourth might be added to the list; at least we remember to have read one, and a very good one too, printed at Oxford, in 1688, of a 12mo. size, with the initials S. B. on the title; which does not seem to agree with either one of those mentioned in the vo-

lume before us; on the whole we are rather inclined to prefer the early attempts at this difficult task, to the more recent ones of Fawkes or Moore, and should, perhaps, consider Thomas Stanley's the very best. The engravings which accompany the French text of Saint Victor are by no means inelegant. Mr. Moss gives a very just sentence of condemnation on the inaccurate and imperfect Apollonius Rhodius of Shaw; though the second edition of 1779 is undoubtedly an improvement on the preceding one. Brunk's, though less valued than almost any effort of that learned editor, still maintains its rank in this country.

We are now arrived at Aristophanes, fully prepared with a long harangue upon the critical excellencies of Küster, of which Mr. Moss speaks in a very summary and unimpressive manner. It is beyond all doubt, one of the most noble productions that ever appeared from the press of Amsterdam, and is in fact the only edition which the student can conveniently use by itself, as its ample scholia, and the commentaries which accompany it, have, we believe, never appeared together in any subsequent impression. With Brunk's edition we confess ourselves to have been always disappointed; nor do we think the editor in any manner qualified to develop the excellencies of a poet, whose humour is frequently as subtle as his descriptions are airy and imaginative, and who will present to the mere unpoetical scholar at best but a series of laughable buffoonery, or unconnected beauties. The edition of Invernizius is not only a much more useful one than we should expect from the accounts of Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Moss, but is perhaps amongst the greatest curiosities ever published of a similar character. The two first volumes put forth in 1794, contain almost a literal copy of a MS. at Ravenna, of the 10th century, probably one of the most valuable classical MSS. in existence; so that the volumes before us bear all the authority of an "Editio Princeps," heightened by the critical light already thrown upon the author by preceding editors. The 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th volumes, published in 1809-10-11-12, form the commencement of a series of select commentaries superintended by Beck; the 7th, 8th, and first part of the 9th volumes are a continuation of the same, by Dindorf, and appeared in the years 1820-21-22; the 10th and 11th volumes (1822-3) contain the Scholia, also revised by Dindorf. The 2d part of the 9th volume is yet to appear, and how many more may succeed the 11th, we do not venture to predict. The above we suspect is the only correct list of these volumes hitherto published; but we must be allowed to say a few words more concerning them. "In respect to the metre," says Mr. Dibdin, "Brunk's conjectural emendations appear with advantage, by their frequent agreement with the MS." The editor's remarks are too slight to claim much attention. But in fact, as is subsequently quoted by Dibdin himself from Harles, "the conjectures and readings of Brunk are for the most part rejected." Indeed, little respect seems to be paid to this latter editor, for the select "variae lectiones," given occasionally beneath the text, are invariably those adopted either by Kuarter or by Bergler, and the remarks by Invernizius are generally on the rejection or adoption of their readings. We have been thus minute in noticing this voluminous publication, because we consider it to be one of the utmost value and importance, and because we are confident that Mr. Moss can be very little acquainted with it, when he tells the reader that it "has no other merit except that of presenting us with the variations of the best MS, yet known."

We shall make no remark upon the critical authority of Mr. Kett, as the late melancholy termination of that gentleman's life would be enough to disarm us of any censorious observation we might have prepared. The new edition by Schutz, of which only two volumes have yet appeared, promises to be much more useful than his *Æschylus*; as he here confines himself chiefly to compilation, and amongst other recommendations presents us with the entire scholia of Kuarter. A volume comprising selections from Aristophanes has already been advertised by Mr. Mitchell, the celebrated translator of the same comedian; and we have authority to state, that an entire edition has been prepared by Bekker, the recent editor of Thucydides, which we should also like to see make its first appearance in this country. Why has Mr. Moss omitted the most valuable edition of the *Acharnæ*, by the late Dr. Elmsley? It is a perfect model of concise and correct editorship; and as it is not to be procured at present under a guinea or so, if indeed it be met with at all, we trust a reprint will shortly appear. Of the translations, that by Mr. Mitchell is far the most valuable; indeed the two volumes already published, have wonderfully elucidated the plays that are contained in them; we may, however, recommend Dunstan's version of the *Frogs*, and still more that of the *Birds*, by Carey; which latter is finished off, we had almost said, in the very spirit of the original. The *Plutus* has just appeared in its English form, from the pen of Mr. Carrington; but we are not at present qualified to pass an opinion upon its merits.

To the early editions of Aristotle, we may make exactly a contrary remark to that with which we prefaced our notice of *Æsop*. We doubt whether any of them will be found of the least service to the general reader, still less do we advise him to encumber himself with any of the old commentaries. The Aldine edition of 1495, (which is totally omitted by Mr. Dibdin,) is probably the most valuable, and its magnificence they must be ready to acknowledge who have seen the vellum copy of it (the only complete one) in the library of New College, Oxford. The edition by Sylburgius, is a clumsy dingy set of 4tos. once in considerable request, but now rendered useless by subsequent improvements. We suspect that even the Bipontine octaves of Buhle have not met with very great encouragement abroad; at least the editor has never been induced to finish them; and in this country they are both cheap and plentiful. Dr. Gaisford has furnished us with the *Rhetorica* in a convenient and accurate edition, and the *Politica* has been put forth in a corresponding form, from the Clarendon Press. The *Ethica*, by Wilkinson, and the *Poetica*, by Tyrwhitt, have been so universally commended, that we need not add our further testimonial to their excellence. The commentaries of Andronicus Rhodius on the *Ethica*, of Riccoboni on the *Rhetorica*, and the useful little manuals of Golius, have all been reprinted at Oxford, and may with propriety find a place on the shelves of the student. The translations of Aristotle are not very numerous, and perhaps, we may add, not in general very good. But we were somewhat surprised that no notice has been taken of the entire translation of all his works by Mr. Taylor, in nine volumes 4to. of which, however, very few copies (only 75) were printed: one of these, bound in ten volumes, occurred in 1823, in Watson Taylor's sale; (where the number is said to be only 50;) this copy has since appeared in the catalogue of Messrs. Rivington and Cochran, marked 367. 13s. in Russia, having been published at 45 guineas,

Of this extraordinary undertaking, (for as such we undoubtedly look upon it,) we may be expected to make some remarks; and perhaps we cannot better convey our opinion of the work itself, than by introducing a brief account of the translator.

Mr. Thomas Taylor was educated for a short time at St. Paul's School; but removing from thence at the age of fifteen, he applied himself to the study of mathematics, and it was not till some years afterwards that he resumed his acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, and began to bestow his attention to Aristotle and Plato, with the ancient commentaries upon them. After some time devoted to a search after the perpetual lamp of the ancients, he attracted public attention by delivering lectures in the metropolis upon the philosophy of Plato. Now it will be seen, that instead of reading Aristotle with the annotations of Andronicus, and what are usually called the Grecian commentators, Mr. Taylor has substituted those of the Alexandrian school; as Ammonius Hermias, Olympiodorus, and Simplicius; and having built his own philosophy on the basis of the Platonic sect, as it is vulgarly termed, has given mighty offence to his learned rivals at our universities, of which societies he has not been initiated as a member. It is not our intention to enter upon a comparative review of Aristotle the Alexandrian and Aristotle the Oxonian, but we will take the liberty of venturing a few remarks in defence of Mr. Taylor.

1st. That on a divided point, opposite opinions may at least be listened to with candour. 2nd. That the two schools are not so directly opposed to one another as is pretended. 3rd. That Mr. Taylor is not universally rejected by the learned of this country, or by the critics in Germany. 4th. That Mr. Taylor, after the laborious investigation of nearly half a century, may be permitted to maintain his opinions with some rational appearance of probability. 5th. That Mr. Taylor is entitled to be received at least with civility and decorum, to be heard before he is condemned, and, under all circumstances, to be treated as an adversary provided with more than common zeal and proficiency. We do not pretend to justify Mr. Taylor's views of his subject, we do not deny numerous errors in his execution of it, and he will probably admit in himself the natural fallibility of all men to err; but we think the attacks that have been made upon him in this country are neither mainly nor liberal, much less such as one scholar would point against another; finally, we do not hesitate to say, that we would rather have incurred ten times the charges heaped upon his Plato by the Edinburgh Review, than have been the author of that ungenerous and unjustifiable attack upon the translator's literary character, and attainments.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Taylor will ever become a popular writer; his compilations will probably fall, from their own loftiness and weight; but we are persuaded that he has reared up a structure which no other man alive in this country could have done, and we shall always respect the man who, with a very imperfect education, with implacable hostilities to encounter, without the advantages of wealth or counsel, has brought before such as choose to read it, a mountain* (if we may say so), of profound learning, with however uninviting an aspect it may be offered.

We shall now only revisit Mr. Moss to observe, that no translation has hitherto appeared of Aristotle; and whilst the scholar is in possession of a complete treasure in the labours of Schweighauser, the unlearned are debarred from an acquaintance with one of the most amusing authors that have descended to us from antiquity.

We almost fear the reader's impatience will be put to trial at finding we are still in the letter A, after two notices of the work before us; yet we trust he may have found somewhat both of information and amusement in these columns, and as we shall promise not to detain him where we have nothing of value to communicate, we shall rely on his good-nature to follow us cheerfully through the remainder of our task.

FRASER'S KHORASAN:—THE TOORKOMANS.

THOUGH Mr. Fraser partially failed in pursuing his enquiries to the extent which his enterprising spirit prompted*, he not only saw much of strange places himself, but procured intelligence of great interest relating to countries to the east of Khorasan. By the help of the astronomical instrument, too, which he took with him, he has been enabled to correct many geographical positions, and his prefatory map is a valuable improvement upon that branch of science. His geological remarks, also, ought to be mentioned with approbation. In general his observations, as we have before stated, do not exalt the Persian character; but if he describes things as he has seen and felt them, we must be content.

Our last Number contained some of his adventures among the Mountain Koords, after leaving Mushed the capital, on his journey to Astrabad. In the chief town of Gheelan, when

When our countryman endeavoured to penetrate to Bokhara, he was alarmed by reports of caravans being cut to pieces, and other terrifying rumours, which do not seem to have been always well founded. When he persevered, stronger measures were taken to prevent him. The prevailing idea was evidently that he was a spy; and the following extract respecting a principal man about 60 miles from Boonoor, throws a curious light upon this part of the subject:—“Beder Khan Beg is a Koord of respectability; he had been deputed by the chiefs of Koordistan to wait upon Mahomed Hakeem Khan, sovereign of Khyval, who carried him as a prisoner to that place; and I learnt from him many particulars regarding both the country and the sovereign. He appeared to be a plain blunt soldier, very open in his manners, and a violent hater of the king and all his tribe. He soon caught the idea that I was emissary of government, and immediately expressed his earnest hopes that some attempt would soon be made by the British nation for the relief, as he called it, of Persia. He assured me that if one thousand men, of any European nation, were to make their appearance, no matter who or from what quarter, from Russia, from India, let them be French or English, they would be joined by twenty thousand Koords. They had, he said, turned their eyes on all hands for aid against the Kadjars, but in vain. All their neighbours were as bad or worse than they; they had invited the Afghans, but that had failed; the Afghans general was beaten and had died; nay, they now had neither head nor regular government themselves. Hyder Shah, of Bokhara, was a derwesh, he said, a fanatic, who rather employed himself in reading to the people from the mosques, converting Jews, and putting Sheahs to death, than in projecting schemes of conquest; so from him there was no hope. Mahomed Hakeem Khan had likewise been put to the proof, but had proved quite unworthy, a traitor and a madman, in whom no confidence could be placed, and who, had he possessed but common prudence, might, ere now, have been ruler over all Khorasan. Thus their only hope rested on the Fringhees, who, they trusted, would destroy the Kadjars, and establish some degree of confidence and order.

Wild though these expressions might be, there is no doubt but that they tell the sentiments of a great majority of the country. The hatred of all, and particularly of the higher ranks, to the reigning family is so great, that, thoughtless and uncalculating of consequences, they would readily take part with any invader who should promise them deliverance from their present bondage; but each would do so only in the hope of advancement for himself. There is not one of these discontented chiefs, who, if circumstances gave the most distant degree of encouragement, would not aim at the chief power; and consequently, no one would agree to be subordinate; so that, however easily they might at first be induced to assist an enemy of the reigning family, they would be still more ready to abandon him, the moment they found all hope of extraordinary personal advancement vain; or, rather, that they were likely to be reduced to a more perfect state of subordination than before.

costing the Caspian for meat, he was made a prisoner by the tribes of Tadjik, but finally reached Tabreez again in safety by way of Ardebil. These matters, however, and a general treatise on costume, with sketches, &c. belong to other and promised volumes; and we resume the narrative in the first where we left off, namely among the Toorkomans.

“The Toorkomans, and most of the wandering tribes in this quarter are Soones; the Persians are Sheahs; and it is well known how deadly a hatred exists between these great Mahometan sects. The former are from their youth instructed to consider the latter in the light of unbelievers; that to shed their blood, or to make them captives, is not only lawful but meritorious; and they consequently wage a religious war against the ‘Kazil-bashes,’ as they call the Persians; committing every sort of atrocity, in the belief that it is pleasing to God, and not the less zealously, because they can turn it to their own advantage.

“Encouragements so powerful being held out for barbarity and outrage, it is not surprising that the tribes in question should have become cruel, blood-thirsty, and rapacious; these dispositions pervade even their private lives, and domestic relations; the life of man has but little value in their eyes, and a word, a look, or a trivial mistake, is constantly apt to occasion bloodshed. The merest trifle will induce a Toorkoman to put his wife, his child, or his servant to death; and the more frequent occurrence of such incidents is prevented rather by considerations of interest than by any restraint of moral feeling, or the ties of blood and affection. Even the wars between the tribes have assumed the same cruel and rapacious character which marks their foreign warfare; avarice has quite overpowered religious zeal, and the unholy act of selling captives of their own faith is now a frequent practice.

“The Toorkomans prize themselves upon hospitality: in some places its duties are willingly and liberally, as well as honestly discharged; but among the tribes whose morals have been vitiated by habits of plunder, it is seldom safe to trust to the strongest professions. When any stranger (who is not an acknowledged enemy) enters a camp, he is saluted at the first tent he approaches by its inhabitants, who run out, seize his reins, and insist on his alighting, and becoming their guest; even should the tent contain but a single woman, she will give the ‘Saalam Aleikoum,’ and insist on doing the honours; if he refuse, or attempt to excuse himself, and go to another tent, it is taken as a serious affront, and abuse, if not worse, is the consequence. ‘What!’ will the offended party exclaim, ‘does he suppose that I had not bread and food enough to offer him, that he thus quits my house for another’s?’ or was not the shelter of my house as sufficient for his head as that of such a one? Wherever he goes he is saluted with the words of peace; the caliceon is presented, and sour curds, butter-milk, bread and cheese, the usual fare, is set before him. There is then no fear of open aggression, either on the part of host, or any of the camp; nor will they, in general, even steal any thing from him; and he may depend on being furnished with a guide to the extent of their range of country, if not to the next stage. I was assured, that in this manner any traveller, not in hostility with the tribes, might journey throughout the countries between Herat and Bokhara, Hazarah, Moorghab, Balkh, and, in short, through most of those occupied by the Toorkoman, or other wandering tribes; but the three more particularly in question, with the greater part of those immediately bordering on Khorasan, are so universally and

devotedly addicted to plunder, that all who were best informed upon the subject declared that it would be the height of imprudence to venture among them upon such terms. In fact I believe that none but a Mussolman and a Soofee could safely do so any where.

"It is almost unnecessary to repeat here, that perfidy, cruelty, rapacity, and avarice, the infallible consequence of their habits, are characteristics of these tribes: but they do not, in general, hoard their money; they most commonly turn it into such property as camels, horses, and brood mares, valuable swords, arms, and armour, women's ornaments, and clothes. A few among them, indeed, are reputed to be rich, and I heard of one individual, considered the wealthiest man among the tribes, who was reported to be possessed of seven or eight hundred camels, and two camels' loads of treasure; one consisting of money, the other of women's clothes, jewels of gold and silver, rich furniture, &c. Money is not very current among them, sales and purchases being carried on chiefly by barter, in sheep, camels, horses, &c.

"The Tookoman women are not shut up, or concealed like those of most Mahometan countries; nor do they even wear veils; the only thing resembling them is a silken or cotton curtain which is worn tied round the face, so as to conceal all of it below the nose, and which falls down upon their breasts. They do not rise and quit the tent upon the entrance of a stranger, but continue occupied unconcernedly with whatever work they were previously engaged upon. They are, in truth, rather familiar with strangers; and have even the reputation of being well disposed to regard them with peculiar favour; it is said, indeed, that they not infrequently assume the semblance of allurements, with the treacherous intention of seducing the incautious stranger into improper liberties; upon which the alarm is given, the men rush in, and convicting their unhappy guest of a breach of the laws of hospitality, they doom him without further ceremony to death, or captivity, making a prize of all he may have possessed.

The religion of Soofeeism which prevails among these semi-barbarians is well described by our author:—

"To become (he says) acquainted with the origin and history of those sects of Soofees that most deserve attention, with the names of their saints and teachers deservedly celebrated for virtue, learning, and talents; or to acquire a knowledge of the various disguises assumed by the pretenders to this kind of philosophy, would have required a far greater degree of attention than I could bestow, or perhaps, than the subject might be thought to merit; and to detail them, would be as unprofitable as tedious to the general reader; but as my friends, Meerza Seilem and Meerza Abdool Rezak, were certainly no impostors, however great might be their mental weakness, I shall endeavor to transcribe the substance of the vague and mystical answers which they gave to my enquiries on the subject.

"It appears, that the ardent love for the Divine Being, which always accompanies the ardent desire to comprehend his nature, and which is, in fact, the essence of Soofeeism, often breaks forth, as if to relieve itself, in a passion for some visible object, in which the image of the Divine Being is believed to be peculiarly reflected. This passion is neither restricted to age or sex, and may as probably be excited by an old man of seventy with a white beard, or by any creature that under other circumstances would be considered ugly and disgusting, as by a lovely young woman, or a beautiful youth. But this passion, which amounts to devotion, and which, according to the

Soofees, is, in truth, inspired by the divinity himself, is represented as perfectly pure and untainted by gross desires; and never aspires to the possession of its object, even though that should be a female, farther than to remain in its presence, watching over it, and contemplating its imaginary excellencies; a reverential awe is experienced, which shrinks at the idea of familiarity or defilement. Were the adored object a female, and were she herself to invite less hallowed communications, the spell would be broken, and the love that had been felt, instead of seeking such a consummation, would vanish, or change to disgust. In short, nothing in the slightest degree sensual must mingle with this passion; any such feeling would be the test of its falsity.

"This species of rapture is quite involuntary; and so far from being a sensation of gradual growth, that it is wont to burst forth in a moment, and to strike the imagination when least expected. Sometimes it is conceived in dreams, when the future object is pictured forth with such impressive fidelity, that when afterwards seen, it is certain to be instantly recognized. Sometimes, however, the object is entirely a creation of the imagination; and the unhappy dreamer wanders on through life, for ever enamoured of a phantom.

"Several instances of such passions were related to me; Meerza Seilem told me that he once conceived so strong an attachment for a boy by no means handsome, that he would sit for hours gazing on him, playing with his hands or kissing his feet; at night he would put him in his own bed, and sit by the side of it, watching, sighing, bursting out into tears, and occasionally stealing a kiss. How the matter ended I do not know; but I suspect that great constancy is not the marking characteristic of these extraordinary passions.

"Meerza Abdool Rezak, in like manner, related to me the history of his love for a young girl, whom he saw by accident; a swoon of ecstasy proving incontrovertibly the character of the passion with which he was thus suddenly overwhelmed: he found means to be introduced to her, and for two years, I think, they met continually. He told me, that she would play upon a reed for hours, and enchant his soul; while he would sit and watch her, totally abstracted from all beside; he averred, that not one impure thought, with her for its object, ever entered his mind during the whole of that time; and that had he succeeded as he wished, in obtaining her for a wife, his familiarity could never have increased, nor his respectful adoration suffered the smallest diminution. That he did entertain that wish, however, is sufficient to give rise to a suspicion of the immaculate purity of his passion; and he confesses that his heart was well nigh broken, and her's little better, when she was carried suddenly off to the harem of Prince Mahmood Koolee Meerza, governor of Mazunderin, who, hearing of her beauty, had demanded her of her father. 'Oh,' exclaimed he, 'how I cursed that villain, when I heard how she struggled and wept as they were carrying her away; the tears streaming from her beautiful black eyes, as she fell back fainting into the tucht-e-rowan that bore her from me! and his own eyes streamed as he spoke. There is reason to think, however, that the lady's passion was not quite so disinterested as that of her lover; for it was one part of her sovereign pleasure, to issue orders in the style of firmauns, to her slave, for the supply of various articles for her convenience; as, so much sugar, so much silk, so much gold brocade, so much fur, all which demands, if not immediately complied with, produced, as he confessed, a degree of ill-humour or anger, very undignified in so adored an object.

"Whatever be the cause, all who are victims to these moods of the mind, become strangely affected by them; they will sit for hours, and even days, in reveries, absorbed in the contemplation of their own 'thick coming fancies,' or lost in the maze and ecstasy of this wild passion; they will burst out into floods of tears, without any apparent cause, and become as cluelessly elevated; at times, if spoken to, they will answer in the style and strain of a king; at others, they affect the lowest tone of humility, and condemn themselves as viler than the vilest of mankind."

"It is a remarkable thing, that although the doctrines of Soofeeism are so abhorrent to those of Mahometanism, that the orthodox supporters of the latter have at all times persecuted the votaries of the former, and continue still so to do when they dare, and that the epithet Soofee is as much a term of reproach among Mussolmans, as Infidel among us, or Heretic among Roman Catholics; still the Deeweshes, who seek the Almighty, after this fashion, are highly esteemed all over the east; and in Persia meet with particular respect; indeed, those of high character enjoy a degree of attention, more resembling that which is paid to lords and princes of the earth, than to fanatic wandering mendicants, which for the most part they are."

The following, after a striking notice of the breed of horses in these parts, concludes all that we shall extract concerning this mystic faith.

"After remaining in the house of Meerza Reza for the greater part of the day, I went in the evening to pay my respects to the Eed-haneh, and wish him an "Eed-e-Moobarak." This gave me an opportunity of seeing part of his stud, which he was examining at the time. I have elsewhere mentioned that, besides a regular number of about a thousand horses which he maintains in his stables, the khaan keeps seven or eight hundred brood mares, which throw nearly that number of foals every year; besides which he yearly purchases a number of horses from the Tookomans of the desert. He was this evening selecting stallions for his brood cattle, which he does at the rate of one to every twenty mares; and they continue together in the meadow, where they have grass breast high, for two months after this period. Many of the horses were uncommonly fine animals; he had them of all breeds, Arabian, Tookman, Koordish, common Persian, all selected for blood, bone, or some valuable quality. I remarked particularly regarding the Tookoman horses, that however fine in the legs, and well shaped in the quarters, they might be, they all had large and uncouth heads; one was brought to show me, which had lately been purchased from the tribe of Tuckeh, bearing a very high character for strength and speed; I was informed, that in a late encounter, this animal had borne off not only his master, but a prisoner seated behind him, although pursued by many, well mounted upon capital horses; he was a large mouse-coloured horse, at least sixteen hands high, with fine and powerful limbs, but a very ugly head. The khaan had given for this animal a sum equal to about fourteen hundred reals of Irak.

"I dined this night with my friends, and passed a really pleasant evening. It is a privilege of Soofeeism to drink strong liquors, smoke, bang, and use every other means of intoxication, at their pleasure; and of this privilege Meerza Seilem had long availed himself; but his father, who was more lately initiated, retained more of the superstitions of Mahometanism, and hardly dared to indulge in such generally forbidden delights, even when but a few friends were present; but he and some others of tender consciences had

continued to provide a means of thus enjoying themselves, without, as they chose to believe, transgressing any law. They had a spirit distilled from various substances of a saccharine nature, with oranges and other fruits; nor do I believe that either grain or sugar themselves were quite excluded from the composition; and to this they gave the name of Ma-ul-Hiät, an Arabic expression signifying "the water of life." It was very strong, and reminded me of whisky, highly flavoured with oranges and aromatics. This they persuaded themselves was lawful, because it was not made from any of the substances expressly prohibited by the Mahomedan law, and a flask of this spirit was produced this day after dinner, for the use of Meerza Reza, and others of the more timorous Neophytes; it was highly amusing to see Meerza Reza taking the flask in his hand, assume a most puritanical air as he turned to me, and explained the wide difference there was between this valuable liquor of life and that prohibited trash, called wine and brandy, which he never allowed himself (he assured us) to taste. "This," continued he, as he tossed off a well-sized glassful, "is lawful, and very very good; and I am particularly directed to drink it, on account of a weakness of stomach with which I am distressed." His son, Meerza Abdool Resak, and some others did not think any such explanation necessary; they drank as they felt inclined, like hardened sinners, and it evidently was no novelty to them; for though their potations were deep, they produced no effect whatever on their heads; nay, Meerza Selem having got hold of a bottle of fine old brandy, (a few of which I carried with me in case of illness,) he got so fond of it, preferring it even to the delicious "water of life," that it very soon was exhausted; and it was only by concealing them, that I preserved the one or two bottles which still remained.

In the midst of our conviviality the hour of prayer arrived, and Meerza Casmata instantly rose from the fire-side, round which we were seated, and going a little to one side, kneeled down and commenced their forms of worship; never, at the same time, abstracting themselves in the least from what was going on among us, or even dropping their share in the conversation; one moment they uttered "Allah ho Akber!" "La illa he-il-ullah!" and all the rest of it; and the next, turned round to us with a joke and a loud laugh; then would they rest upon their heels, combing their beards, and continuing their conversation, instead of meditating in silence and abstraction, as prescribed by their law. Such is the practice of religious observances in this country, or wherever Mahometanism exists, and such must be the fate of all religions which rest on ritual and observance alone, in which morals are totally neglected, and which, addressing itself only to the imagination or senses, leaves the attention unfixed, the understanding unsatisfied, and the soul uninterested and debased.

At an inaunderah in Cochoon, the author tells us, "There are still preserved there, though in a very careless manner, some leaves that belonged to a Koran of the most magnificent dimensions, perhaps, of any in the world, the history of which is not less interesting than its size is extraordinary. It was written by Boi Sanghor Meerza, the son of Shah Rokh, and grandson of the great Timoor, and laid by him upon the grave of that mighty conqueror, at Samarkand; from whence it was most sacrilegiously taken by the soldiery of Mahomed Khan, grandfather of the present Elikhanah, who accompanied Nadir Shah in his expedition to

Bookishan: the soldiers broke it up, and each took what leaves he chose to carry, as tokens of his triumph, back to his own country. Meer Goshah Khan, the son, collected about sixty of them, and placed them in this inaunderah, where they lie upon a shelf quite neglected and covered with dust. These leaves are formed of thick wire-wove paper, evidently made for the purpose, and, when opened out, measure from ten to twelve feet long, by seven or eight broad; the letters are beautifully formed, as if they had been each made by a single stroke of a gigantic pen. The nooktas, or vowel points, as well as the marginal and other ornaments, are emblazoned in azure and gold; but few of the leaves are perfect, having been mutilated for the sake of the ornaments, or the blank paper of the immense margin. It is pity that so curious and splendid a work should go so carelessly to decay, and it shows how imperfect and inconsistent is the reverence, even of the priests, for the most sacred emblems of their religion."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Leigh's new Pocket Road Book of England and Wales, and part of Scotland, 1825.

The best character we can give of this little, but eminently useful book, may be comprised in an anecdote. We were lately inclined to take a trip into the country, and after other enquiries, we referred to this compact and well arranged guide; the consequence was, that we found out a shorter and more pleasant route than we had previously fixed upon, and absolutely saved treble the price of the book in our expenses. There are fifty-five neatly engraved county maps; and the plan is altogether well executed.

Lady Byron's Reply to her Lord's Farewell, J. Pearse, Vinegar Yard.

How Mr. Pearse has pierced into this mystery he does not tell; but he asserteth, that this poem is Lady Byron's genuine answer to the celebrated "Farewell." That it is not so, may probably be suspected by ninety-nine hundredths of the world; and far be it from us to argue, that because the parties were mutually soured, Vinegar Yard was the very site whence their éclaircissement would be poured forth. But there is some talent in some of the verses, though others are at or below par.

"FARE thee well! and if for ever—
Still for ever, fare thee well—
Ne'er within my breast—Oh! never
Can thy image cease to dwell :
There it lives, yet lives so chilling,
Hope, love, joy, alike are frozen—
Every blood emotion killing—
Now the coil of living woe."

Better—
"Not a suppliant world around me,
Could have lured me from thy side,
No—the tender bonds that bound me,
Hands but thine, could ne'er divide."

But the whole is merely a sort of paraphrase transposition.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, August 25.

Public Sitzings of the French Academy.

The French Academy held its annual sitting on St. Louis's day, the 25th August, under the presidency of Count Daru, Director of the Academy. It is customary to pronounce an eulogium on St. Louis, on this occasion; and it will readily be conceived how difficult it must be at present to offer either any thing new on the subject, or to rival the illustrious Academicians who had gone before. The Abbé Roy attempted neither of these, and contented himself with a sermon, in which he wished to in-

culcate as an axiom, That it is religion which makes great kings and true heroes. The Academy retired from Church to the Hall of the Institute. The sitting was most interesting, offering the reward of Virtue. (The Baron de Montyon (the Howard of France) bequeathed to the French Academy several legacies, to be distributed as prizes for merit and virtue.)

The grand prize of Virtue, of ten thousand francs, was awarded to Pierre Antoine Roch Martin, a poor day labourer, of the department of the Moselle. He was born in 1731, enlisted as a soldier, and obtained his discharge in 1815; he possessed a fortune of 6000 francs, (350*l.*) which had been paid him as a substitute. He married a poor girl, who had three brothers blind, and a father infirm. Martin supported them by his labour, and in the death of 1816, 17, would suffer none of them to ask alms, though he had then three children of his own to support; he worked night and day, depriving himself of sustenance, that they should not want, till he frequently fell down from weakness over exertion, and want of food. A respectable physician made known this case of heroic virtue in humble life, and solicited for him the Montyon prize, which was unanimously accorded.

The second prize, of 3000 francs (120*l.*) was given to a poor girl named Hermitte, of the department of the Basses Alpes, who took a poor deaf and dumb child under her protection, and inspired by the sole desire of doing good, she, without any knowledge of the methods in use, succeeded in teaching her little protégé to read and write. M. Daru paid a just and well merited compliment to the ingenious humanity of this poor girl, which might be classed with the sublime conceptions of the Abbé De L'Épée and Sicard.

The brave and faithful Mery, servant of the Duke de Bourbon, obtained the third prize, of 1200 francs, as a recompence for his courageous defence of his master against the assassin Lafont.

Five medals, of 500 francs each, were awarded 1st. To Française and Catherine Douillet, a workwoman and the other a woolspinner; 2d. To Etienne Laget, shoemaker; 3d. Etienne Laane, day-labourer, and to Jeanne Philippine Dantine, his wife, of the Rue Faubourg St. Jacques, No. 29, Paris; 4th. To the wife of a workman named Dubois; 5th. To the wife of Cleach—all poor, and all benefactors of infirm old age. Dubois served out of pure charity an ill-natured old woman, paralytic and afflicted with disgusting disorders, bestowing on her all the attentions of an affectionate daughter, and treated by the old woman as a servant. The two sisters Douillet, almost wanting bread themselves, gave asylum to an old female beggar that had stopped at their door, and had become quite childish, carrying her home on their backs when she had strayed too far from the house.

The prizes published in the past year, for the works most conducive to morals and virtue, were awarded as follows:

The first, of 4000 francs, to the Baron de Gerando, for the work entitled, "On Moral Improvement, or Self-Education," 2 vols. 8vo.; the other prize, of 4000 francs, was granted to the work of the late Madame Campan, entitled, "On Education," to which is added, "Advice to Young Girls," 3 vols. 12mo. A gold medal was granted at the same time to the memory of the Countess de Remusat, author of an Essay on Female Education. Similar prizes are offered for next year; and one which was not granted this year, for an Essay on the Foundation and Legacies of the late Baron de Montyon, in favour of the Hospitals and the Academies.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WITHIN these few years Egyptian antiquities have become a principal object of trade at Marseille, where they are very abundant, and whence was obtained the magnificent sarcophagus from Alexandria, which has since reached Paris. This monument is eight feet in length, about two and a half in height, and three and a half in its greatest breadth; it is a little narrow towards the feet, and terminates in a square edge on the end, while, on the contrary, it becomes round at the opposite extremity; that is, at the end near the head. The upper part is surrounded by a large border of hieroglyphics, and is separated from the lower part, on each of the four fronts, by a carved streak or broad line: a carving of the same description supports and surrounds the figures which form the engravings on the body of the sarcophagus, and are in the proportion of about eighteen inches. On the end next the head, that is, on the convex front, there are five figures, two of which are in a sitting posture. Below these two, near the middle, and immediately below the carving which surrounds the hieroglyphical inscriptions, is engraved the figure of a scarabæus within an engrailed disk. Triangular bodies placed in twelve rows, to the number of five in each row, seem to fall like drops of rain from this disk. Though these triangles, or drops, do not increase in number, as they do in size and in width of space according as they are more removed from the disk, the last rows become more separated from each other, and the whole viewed together resemble the shape of a fan. On the plane surface which occupies the foot of the sarcophagus, there are only two principal figures, which are surrounded with emblems or hieroglyphics; these are two jackals or wolves placed facing each other, and resting each of them on a pedestal. The long sides of the monument represent a sort of procession, composed of mystical figures, the greater number of which have heads of animals; their legs are closely joined together, and they hold in their hands the knife-shaped instrument so common in Egyptian symbols. They all face the head of the sarcophagus; and at the extremity, near the part where the surface begins to curve, a figure with the head of a man, and its legs spread wide and turned in a contrary direction, seem as if waiting to receive those who form the procession. Rows of hieroglyphics hang down from the upper border between the heads of the figures.

The weight is about six thousand pounds, and the lid is almost equally heavy. It is of an uncommon shape, and of the most beautiful simplicity; it is cut in the form of a prism, and its surface forms nine longitudinal mouldings, the centre one of which is horizontal, and is entirely covered with a hieroglyphical inscription. Tenons have been left in the two small sides for the purpose of enabling the lid to be placed on the urn. The material is hard stone, of a very fine grain; the ground is a dark green, like the shade of bronze, and is marked with dark red spots. In addition to these spots, which are spread almost uniformly over the entire sarcophagus, it is shaded in three or four places by broad streaks of a bright yellow, which also extend wholly over it: these variations serve to relieve the dark colouring of the ground in a beautiful manner.

* Apparently serpentine.—E.N.

FINE ARTS.

SIXTEEN *Outlines*, by M. Retzsch, to Schiller's *Fight with the Dragon*. With the *Poem in English*. The original *Outlines*. Roosey and Sons, 1825. THE character of Retzsch's designs obtained him, very justly, a high reputation with the artists

and the amateurs, from the time that his *Outlines* from the *Faust* of Göthe appeared. His *Fridolin* followed, but excited less interest: whether the subject was less known, or the pictures less striking, is not material, since the present work possesses every quality that distinguished his first performance; with the addition of varied excellence—the *Faust*, exhibiting the effect of magic wrought into adventure; the *Dragon*, that of a chivalrous achievement. It is, besides, a splendid specimen of graphic romance, since, so far as regards the translation, the artist is little indebted to the poem for any thing beyond the bare suggestion of the subject. But it is simply as a work of art that we speak of it, and recommend this performance to the attention of the public.

The works of the German artists, as well as those of their writers, have been highly tainted with extravagance, as may be seen in the paintings of Spranger, Goltzius, and others; as well as in those of the late Mr. Fuseli. M. Retzsch has availed himself of the spirit of his countrymen, without torturing his figures into imagined graces. In the work before us, the emotions and passions are expressed with truth and consistency, and the interest of the subject is kept up, by every power of the picturesque, both in composition and costume.

As, in the series of engravings given from the *Faust*, the catastrophe is fatal; these, from the *Dragon* of Schiller, on the contrary, end in a happy termination of the exploit. The illustrations are numbered, and short explanations of each subject given, from which we specify some of those which struck us most for character and designs. No. 2. Where the shepherds and their flocks are flying from the appearance of the dragon. No. 3. The country people entreating the assistance of the hero. No. 6. The knight inspecting the situation of the monster. No. 7. Giving directions for a model of the dragon, in order to train his dogs for the combat. No. 13. The death of the dragon, and the rescue of the hero: and No. 14. His triumphal entry into the town. It would be strange, indeed, if this, or any work of the kind were faultless. The knight, in No. 15, is rather tame than humble; and the horses, in No. 10, are wooden, and ill drawn: but the mastery of the designs, in other particulars, will sufficiently warrant our recommending the work to every lover of the Fine Arts.

Our notice is from the original *Outlines*, designed and etched by M. Retzsch, and we mention this; as a copy has been for some time before the public, executed by H. Moses, whose well-known talent has enabled him to give, not only a faithful transcript, but in some respects an improved character to several of the subjects. But with artists and amateurs, there is, and ever will be, a preference for the original work.

The English edition is published by Prowett; and perhaps it may arise from the copies sent to us being more or less remote from early proofs, that it appears much more perfect in its lines than the German, which looks faint and worn, or is badly printed. There are such differences in minute parts, too, that collectors will hardly be content without possessing both editions.

THE *Silver Plateau*; comprising *Designs of some of the most interesting Monastic Ruins of the United Kingdom*. Executed by Mr. Montagu Levysse, Silversmith. THIS superb ornament for the table is destined for India, and is well calculated, by the splendour of its appearance, to add a lustre to the decorations of eastern magnificence. The face of the Plateau is a mirror of plate-glass divided into

four parts, and edged with a narrow silver mouldings. The border contains the representation of the Monastic Ruins alluded to, as also some of our principal Castles, entire or in decay; and the whole is supported by Tortoises placed at convenient distances, which, while they give character to the design, are certainly the most appropriate that could have been applied for the purpose of bearing the weighty ornament with its world of castles, abbeys, &c. These ancient remains are in bas-relief of dead white, upon a highly burnished ground. The Castle of Dover in different points of view form the ends of the Plateau; the corners, (the shape an octagon,) have for ornaments, the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle. The length of this decorative article is six feet, its width two feet, but may be divided so as to suit different lengths. The coup-d'œil is striking and beautiful; there is much ingenuity in the applications of its ornaments; and while it credits the inventor, we trust it may come in aid to the Arts and Manufactures of the country.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AVENGER.

It is customary among many of the Arab tribes, when a chief is slain, to preserve his sandals, which are given to his son or nearest kinsman when of age, to avenge his death.

Upon these sandals there is blood—

It was not poured in battle flood—

It was not shed in open fight—

With God and man to judge the right—

It came not from the courier's flank—

Spurred foremost in the foremost rank—

It was pour'd by a hidden foe—

It was shed by a dagger's blow—

It was night hid the assassin's art—

And it came from thy father's heart—

Here is his sabre's shining length—

Have thou with it his arm of strength—

Young Arab, yonder is thy deed—

And Alla help thee at thy need—

The boy rose up, and deadly thought

Across his cold pale forehead wrought:

There was red shame upon his cheek,

For much he feared his arm was weak;

And thrice that arm in vain essay'd

To lift and poise his father's blade—

'Twas but a moment's pause—he swung

The blade across—to horse he sprung:

Away, away, no long the wind

Brought echoes of his speed behind—

Now curses be upon the hand

That smote not with the warrior's brand;

And curses on the dastard foe

Who let the night conceal his blow:

Desolate be his place of birth—

Desolate be his silent hearth—

To him let earth refuse her food;

Shrink from his burning lip the flood;

To him let morning bring no dew—

His wasted vigour to renew—

And let the placid night deny

To him the quiet of her sky—

Let him be childless; like the reed—

Be his friends in the hour of need;

Let the wife of his bosom sigh

For one, his deadliest enemy—

And let him die a death of shame—

The last of all his race and name—

Scarce the green banner of the palm

Moves—like the moonlight on its calm—

Above, the firmament of blue—

Below, wood-fire and dusky hue—

And, round it crouch'd, the wand'ring tribe

Pass song and tale, and laugh and gibe—

Uprose the midnight's latest star—

Hark! rings a horse-trump from afar!

They know him by his lightning speed,
They know him by his raven steed;
They know him by his cold, pale brow,
The trophy at his saddle bow;
The blood drips from the severed head,
Well has the young Avenger sped;
His task is done, his strength is spent,
He staggers to his mother's tent;
Down drops the trophy from his hand,
And drops beside his crimson brand.
They crowd to hear his tale of death;
His lip has breath'd its last of breath;
And there is nothing left to tell
A tale of how they fought and fell.
Race fated to their early doom,
The son sleeps in his father's tomb. *IOLE.*

STANZA IN CHURCH-YARD.
Sorrow be thy sleep, in thy cold bed!
Thou' hard its frame of sand and stone,
Unbarm'd thy limbs, unbain'd thy head,
Thou wilt sleep on.

Heavy and thick the winding-sheet
Of clay is heap'd above thy breast;
Yet is thy slumber not less sweet,
Less still thy rest.

Thou sleepest, nor disturb thine ear
The accents of thy mourner's woe;
Let us be better thou could'st hear?
Oh, no,—dear! no!
All's well with thee; and could I be
Beside thee laid, in calm as deep,
How well it then would be with me,
How sweet my sleep.
The chimas from yonder steeple tower,
That through these soundless night proclaim,
With startling clang, the passing hour,
Awake not thee.
When clouds on clouds in thunder rave,
And lightning flashes through the sky,
The storm that bursts upon thy grave,
Awakes not thee.

And oh, from all that writh'd there,
From morn till evening, thanks to God!
Thy gentleness, at length is free,
Beneath this sod.
With thee 'tis well!—with thee 'tis well!
From all thou didst, or could'st endure;
Within that sordid, narrow cell,
Thou art secure.
And oh, that I beside thee lay,
All then would be as well with me;
But, joyless, friendless; here I stay,
Mourning for thee.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.
How fair that form, if virtue dwelt within!—*Marion.*
I look upon thy face—but while
It seems so bright and fair,
I ask me if that sunny smile
Is wont to linger there!
I ask me if thy bosom's heave
Hides not a heart that's doom'd to grieve,
And wither in despair?
I ask, if peace or joy can be,
With beings desolate like thee?—
I knew thee not, thou fallen flower,
While virtue mark'd thy growth;
I knew thee not in thy bright hour,
Of purity and truth;
I knew thee not, till treachery's ways
Had dimm'd the sunshine of thy days,
The freshness of thy youth;
And then I met thee in thy shame,
Without a friend, without a name;
An outcast from thy happy home,
A blighted, joyless thing;
Thy journey onwards to the tomb,
A rayless wandering.

Uncheer'd by hope thy bosom heave,
Yet, like the rose's scatter'd leaves,
Some sweets still round thee cling;
And dimly thine, thy mine shine,
Like ivy on the scatter'd pine.
There's beauty still upon thy brow,
And kindness in thy heart;
That smile is with thee even now,
All hopeless as thou art;
But sorrow's wave too soon will chase
The light of beauty from thy face,
And thou wilt then depart;
As bends the lily to the blast,
Unloved—unknown—thou'lt sink at last!
God cheer thee on that fearful day,
For none will watch thy bed!—
None sigh to see thee pass away,
Or weep for thee when dead!
None seek the lonely silent spot,
Where all forsaken and forgot,
Reclines thy lovely head:
The turf, alas, will soon be green—
And few will know that thou hast been!

SONNET.
To my Melancholy.
Come, thou sweet mistress of my evening hours,
Companion of my walk! that otherwise
Were lonely;—let us wander through the towers
Of this grey pile, and hear the fidul sighs,
The mournful breeze, heave through its wailing
walls!
Hark!—'tis the surge of time's eternal billow,
That on the ear so sad and solemn falls!
They hear it not, the sleepers, they whose
pillow,
Dreamless and cold, lies deep beneath the soil.
Would we were with them, pale-eyed Melan-
choly!
Free from the weight, the burthen of life's toil,
Far from deceit, from insult, and from folly;
Bonded no more by life's affection chain—
Reckless of all as of the wind and rain!

MUSIC

New Publications.

In consequence of the suspense of nearly all public performances, and the absence of amateurs and professors, life in the musical world may be said to be, for the time being, at a stand. We must, however, except the novelties in Tarrare; (if at the end of a fortnight's success, they can still be considered so.) The music-sellers, engaged rather in preparing for, than with publishing, have brought out but few works in the course of this month; that deserved particular notice. The following, however, by the indefatigable Cramer, should not remain unmentioned.

Impromptu on Meyerbeer's favourite Air Giovanna Cavalier, for the Pianoforte. Cramer and Co.

Melange on favourite Airs from the Opera Il Crociato. Ditto.

The first seems to us to be entitled to a much higher commendation, than the second. The very appropriate introduction, page 1, which is not lengthened, according to the newest practice, to two or three pages, is in perfect keeping with the Air itself; though the latter is so beautiful, that it might be repeated over and over, and yet please. Mr. Cramer has much improved upon it, by enriching it with the most tasteful ornaments and figures. He has also given it variety, by means of modulation; and it is superfluous to add, that his transitions are natural and easy. This Impromptu, or Rondo (for such it is), we consider, upon the whole, the best work that has been

constructed from the same materials of Meyerbeer. The Melange, which consists of four several themes out of the same Opera, is not likely to merit with an equally favourable reception from either the amateur or the professor; which is, however, more attributable to the nature of the Airs, than to Mr. Cramer's manner of treating them. The last, the Allegro Marziale, is the most agreeable of the four.

Impromptu on the favourite Scotch Air, Auld Robin Gray; for the Pianoforte. Birchall and Co.

Impromptu for the Pianoforte, by J. Moschles, Cramer and Co.

The reader will perhaps wonder at having served up to him three Impromptus at once; but we might have treated him, without any trouble to ourselves, with triple and quadruple that number, for this seems to be the most fashionable musical title of the day; though it bears as little reference to the nature of the composition to which it is affixed, as a proper name does to the character of the person who bears it. These two latter Impromptus differ exceedingly from each other, and also from that of Mr. Cramer. They are both difficult, and if any other property common to them is to be mentioned, they are both, as far as regards the style, very capricious and unmelodious. Both masters are at all times able to produce something very superior to such nondescripts.

New Musical Instrument.—There is about to be sent to the exhibition at Haarlem, a keyed trumpet constructed of wood, which is intended as a substitute for keyed trumpets made of copper. This instrument has been examined and tried at a meeting of musical men, by whom it was approved, and called "Tuba-Dupré," the name of its inventor. Some years ago, a similar attempt was made at Paris by a manufacturer of horns and trumpets, but his instruments were not finally adopted. It will probably be the same with the Tuba-Dupré; for wood being so much less sonorous than copper, must be an unfavourable material for those brilliant instruments whose principal office is the execution of flourishes. It is surprising that composers for the orchestra do not more frequently avail themselves of the keyed-trumpet, and thereby throw some variety into the trumpet parts, which have hitherto been exceedingly limited. Properly employed, keyed-trumpets are capable of producing an admirable effect, not only in the full, but even in the solo.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

MY GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.
No. II.
My cousin Matilda wiped away a tear as my aunt Winifred concluded the fragment, for my young relative is affianced to an officer of the militia, and she felt a sisterly sympathy in the sorrows of Maria; my aunt murmured "pshaw!" and my mother laid down her work for an instant, and then resumed it. My aunt took the hint, and after clearing her voice with three several and important "hems," she commenced the perusal of
The Fair Rivals.
I was just thinking of Eliza when I opened the book, and never did Rousseau appear half so sweet, as while my eyes rested on the passage she had quoted on our parting. I turned down the leaf, then carefully readjusted it—passed my forefinger slowly over the page to efface the crease—and, taking up a rosebud which lay on the table beside me, placed it between the leaves.—"Often shall I recur to the magic page," I

mused: "each night before I sleep, I shall remove the half-opened rose, to gaze on words hallowed by the breath of Eliza!"

I know not how it was, but the bright eyes of Emma Stapleton rivetted me to the ball-room that very night, until midnight had chimed; then they lured me to her carriage and her *petit souper*, and I was so wearied when I entered my apartment, that I threw myself on my couch, and only dreamt of Rousseau and Eliza.

Emma Stapleton was gay, buoyant, and beautiful; just sixteen, and hated sentiment. I talked of music, and told her that I read harmony in her eyes, and she turned on me a face radiant with smiles, and warbled "Cease your fanning," like an angel.—Eliza Malcolm would have blushed, and been silent.

I overturned my inkstand on the white vellum binding of Rousseau, while endeavouring to write a sonnet to Emma Stapleton.

Emma detested blues, and affected great horror of a literary discussion; once, and once only, I ventured to hint my admiration of Jean Jacques; she murmured something about insipidity, and laughed; I felt the remark unjust, but the laugh was bewitching!

"Alphonse," said I to my valet, as I retired for the night; "you are a Frenchman, and admire Rousseau; you may take this volume."

"Et la rose, Monsieur!" said Alphonse, as he entered the room, a minute after with the faded rosebud in his hand. I am glad I was alone when he returned, for I think I blushed.

"The rose is faded, Alphonse," said I.

"Rose cuillie et cœur gagné ne plaisent qu'un jour!" exclaimed the Frenchman, theatrically, as he withdrew. I was glad he left the apartment at that moment, for I am sure I blushed.

Morning came, and with morning rose the sun and Emma Stapleton, and Rousseau and Alphonse were forgotten. I basked in the radiance of earth's loveliest, and left sentiment to my valet: which was the happier man let the world-weary cynic say, for he alone can tell.

"Mademoiselle, est charmante!" whispered Alphonse, as he attired me for the opera, whither I was to accompany Emma Stapleton.

"Charming! Alphonse," I exclaimed earnestly, "she is an angel!"

"Monsieur le croit," said my valet, coldly—and the remark almost disconcerted me.

"And what think you, Alphonse?" said I, anxious to conceal my embarrassment, and scarcely conscious what I asked, "do you not think her more beautiful than Miss Malcolm?"

"Monsieur, me fait trop d'honneur," replied the valet, warily.

"You are a wise man, Alphonse," said I, interrupting the meaning of the *equivoque*. He laid his right hand on his heart, and when I had ceased speaking, made a low bow, and was silent.

"I did not go to the opera, but I sent a billet by Alphonse to Emma, and pleaded indisposition. I cast aside my habit de cérémonie, assumed my robe de chambre, raised my right hand mechanically to the left corner of the third shelf in my book-case for Rousseau, and turned away with a peevish "pish," when it came from the depth of the empty space, covered with dust.

"What folly!" I exclaimed aloud, "Rousseau never painted an Emma Stapleton!"

Alphonse brought me a reply; the billet was small, of a pale pink tint, and the star de rose escaped its fairy folds in scornful profusion as I opened it; the elegant Italian character breathed the very soul of gaiety and beauty; the entreaties were but commands, sawreathed with all the witching semblance of free agency! Eliza would have coldly expressed her regrets, thought

I, as I secured the little billet in my letter-case, and threw off my robe de chambre.

"Monsieur, va-t-il sortir?" demanded the astonished valet. "I have scarce time to dress," I replied hastily, as I glanced at the time-piece, and turned from his enquiring look. Alphonse shrugged his shoulders, and followed me down stairs. Radiant with loveliness, lustrous with jewels, in all the "pride and panoply" of beauty, Emma Stapleton met my gaze that night; her very laugh bore music in its sound, and I scarce heeded the melodious warblings of the tutored vocalists. I was bending to catch the whisper of the syren, when my eye fell upon Eliza—pale, thoughtful, and silent, with her soft blue eyes fixed on me, almost in agony: I lost the purport of the murmur I had bent to catch.—I bowed my head to Eliza, and no tinge of resentment mingled with the grace of her answering recognition; she smiled as I looked towards her, but it was with the smile of heart-stricken sorrow, and I was the cause of that faint, moonlight smile.

I left my station by the radiant Emma for a moment, and approached Eliza; her extended hand was moist with the large tear which fell on it as I gained her side; she uttered no word of bitterness when I flattered out my happiness at her return.

"It was early spring when we parted," she said, tenderly, in a low soft tone, "autumn is nearly spent now we have again met;" and she sighed as she said it.

I felt the allusion; it was all of reproach to which her gentle heart could yield utterance, and I loved her for her forbearance.

I returned to Emma Stapleton; but her fine brow was clouded by a frown, and her bright eyes flashed with resentment; something she said of revenge for my neglect, but at that moment I was thinking of Eliza, and the sense escaped me. I extended my hand on parting, but Emma was adjusting a ringlet before a French mirror, and the action was unheeded.

Alphonse entered my apartment with a *malin* expression of countenance, and I read somewhat of import in every feature as I glanced at him. I set down the untasted cup of chocolate, and asked his tidings?

"Mademoiselle n'étoit pas toute ange, au moins," said Alphonse almost triumphantly.

"What of Miss Stapleton?" I enquired with convulsive eagerness.

"Ma foi, c'est peu de chose," said the Frenchman, as he deposited a bouquet of white roses on my breakfast table. Emma Stapleton had married her dancing-master, and insulted me by a bridal gift.

"Monsieur a fait de bons pas?" said Alphonse, as he concluded his narration: he was thinking of her fortune—I of her disgrace.

"On dit qu'il n'est guère beau," he remarked, after a second pause; again, he was thinking of his person—I of his profession.

Eliza forgave me: but it was long ere I forgave myself; the months sped on tranquilly, for I repented my injustice. Emma Stapleton eloped with a French Count. I blushed that I had ever loved her; I blushed for her folly, and for my own: the lesson was a lasting one, and ere another autumn parched the forest leaves, I had purchased a new copy of Rousseau—and Eliza was my wife!

Ancestry.—In a recently published history of Brittany, by M. de Marchegy, is the following curious account of the worship of the tombs by the Bretons in the middle ages:—"There is no part of France in which the spirit of family connexion is greater than in Brittany. Relationship is carried to the twelfth degree, and passes from

generation to generation. It follows that some families are all their lives in mourning; for there is scarcely a month in which they do not lose at least one cousin, and sometimes two or three. For an entire year the dismal sables shade the faces of near relations, who, far from seeking consolation, endeavour to exacerbate their grief by every means that ingenious tenderness can suggest. During these twelve months of tears the mirrors are veiled; for why should the wife or the daughter increase, by the aid of dress, that beauty which can no longer delight the eye of a husband or a mother? No more banquets, no more festivals. The furniture is placed in an order different from that which was established by the defunct while living, on purpose that the disarrangement may recall, whenever the smallest article is wanted, those who are no more. The year of mourning is not enough for so much sorrow and affection: it is a limit too confined for the full heart, and is occasionally extended to the remotest periods of life. Every year a fête is consecrated to the memory of the dead, who, in a thousand endearing ways, are invited to their hereditary dwellings. They flock thither so numerous, that, according to a Morlaix proverb, there are more souls in every house than there are leaves on an oak. It is therefore that, during this solemn feast, the houses are never swept, lest they should impiously expel the dead. Round the table and the hearth seats are placed, on which no one sits: they are reserved for the dead. Persuaded that, invisible and mute, they are really there, a conversation is maintained with them. But it is in the cemeteries that these imaginary interviews are carried to such an extent, that, during a single day, an inhabitant of Morlaix believes he has really associated with all the generations of his progenitors. Families bring their meals into the church-yards; they sit round the tombs; not an individual is wanting; mourning is suspended, for the absent cease to be so. After these extraordinary festivals, the cemeteries again become silent. In returning to their homes, the relations of the dead believe that the latter follow them. Alas! it is, on the contrary, the living who tread on the heels of the dead, and will ere long join them for ever!"

DRAMA.

Claqueurs.—A French journal of a recent date contains the following remonstrance against an abuse which has of late increased to a disgusting extent in the Parisian theatres: "For a long time, and we have frequently called the public attention to the fact, a set of mercenaries have filled the places in our theatres which were formerly occupied by impartial judges. A handful of hired fellows are nightly seen exerting, by strength of fist, the orders of persons who have so little self-respect as to have recourse to such auxiliaries. The real public, the public who have paid, are no longer free to express their opinion of any play or performer. When a spectator, who has purchased the right of approbation or disapprobation, ventures to exercise it, twenty vagabonds attack him, cuff him, and turn him out. When a new piece or a new actor is announced, it matters little whether the piece be good, or the actor able,—there is the assurance company! The times are past when a clerk might, for fifteen sous, criticize even the lines of Corneille. Now-a-days, every thing is good; the bombastic verses of that pretended tragic poet, the grotesque comedies of that vain little author, the insignificant productions of that fabricator of vaudevilles, the paltry music of that youngster who apes the *maestro*, the contortions of that actor, the grimace of that actress; bene-

violent spectators; you must applaud them all, or depend upon it you will be assailed by the gang of reputation-makers! The authorities are entitled to see that the number of orders given to authors and performers, do not exceed that fixed by the rules. Let them enforce the strict observance of the regulations on this subject, and we shall speedily witness the disappearance of a shameful practice, to which mediocrity and even imbecility at present resorts, in order to reduce the genuine opinion of the public to silence, and insolently to usurp the applause which is due only to talents. Formerly, an author was allowed to sign only a certain number of free admissions, proportioned to the importance of his production. The superintendence of this matter was carried so far, especially on the first representation of a piece, that the checks were not delivered to the doorkeepers until the moment before the doors were opened, and thus even the richest author had not the means of purchasing a larger number of tickets than was allowed him. Every actor and actress had a free admission for two persons. With only such assistance as this, dramas and performances came fairly before the public, who pronounced upon them. But now, under the pretence of neutralizing the malicious efforts of an imaginary cabal, fifty or a hundred orders are given to a fellow who is known to be the chief of the clique. He begins by selling half of them at a low rate, (to which is owing the practicability of obtaining, at certain depôts, tickets at half-price for all parts of the house,) and he then repairs to the theatre at the head of his crew, and wooes to the honest spectator who attempts to express his unbiassed opinion! Measures ought to be adopted without delay to repress a usage, the continuance of which must ruin the dramatic art, and drive all decent persons from the theatre.

POLITICS.

All the calamities of a revolution may presently be expected to befall Spain; though we do not give credence to more than half we read in the Parisian journals. From Greece the news is somewhat encouraging, Missolonghi having nobly resisted three assaults by land, while its blockade by sea is said to have been raised.

VARIETIES.

African Expedition.—Captain Clapperton sailed from Portsmouth on Saturday last, in the *Brace*, Captain Willes. His companions are Captain Robert Pearce, and Messrs. Morrison and Wilson, surgeons, R. N. The mission thus doubled (for Captain Pearce and Mr. Morrison take a different course from that of the other two) will, it is hoped, throw much light on the interior geography of Africa, and even lead to an amicable intercourse with some of its negro and moorish kings, for whom, and their chiefs, many suitable presents are embarked. The travellers we to land at Benin, and one party, Captain Pearce and his associate, to endeavour to penetrate to Timbuctoo, by an eastern route; while Captain Clapperton and his friend seek to reach Soudan, by the north. The king of Soudan, it is understood, favours the effort, has promised to have a guide, at Sokkoto, and to use his influence with his brother monarchs to procure their countenance. Most cordially do we pray that success may attend our intrepid countrymen, and restore them safe to us, and full of new discoveries.

Cavern.—A new and extensive cavern has lately been discovered near Matlock; visitors have thus another subterranean expedition, added to the many interesting explorations of that kind, with which Derbyshire teems.

Ship-coppering.—A statement from the Plymouth Journal has lately run the round of the newspapers, respecting Sir H. Davy's experiments for protecting the copper sheathing of vessels. From an examination of the ships on which the hypothesis has been tried, it appears that, though the iron prevents the oxidation of the copper, it fails to cure the greater evil, (to remedy which copper was introduced,) viz. the accumulation of foulness at the bottoms of vessels, in the shape of weeds, barnacles, &c. Under these circumstances our naval administration has abandoned the new invention.

Berlin.—The last public sitting of the Berlin Academy, was more than usually interesting. M. Guillaume de Humboldt, the brother of the traveller, read a metrical translation of several passages of an extensive philosophical and religious poem, called *Blagavad-Gitas*; to which he added some details with respect to the Hindoo metaphysics, as compared with the Greek systems. It is surprising to see M. Guillaume Humboldt, the learned translator of Pindar and Sophocles, as familiar with the mysteries of the Sanscrit grammar as he is with the Celtic, and with the primitive idioms of the new world.

Theiery.—A little treatise has just been published at Paris, devoted to the elucidation of the various branches of the only kind of industry proscribed by the law. It is divided into chapters, the titles of which indicate the nature and importance of the work; such as, "Theft of watches;" "Theft of handkerchiefs;" "Theft of purses;" "Theft of snuff-boxes;" "Theft in shops;" "Theft in bed-rooms;" "Theft by servants," &c. Among the modes of robbery, the author introduces the lottery-office, the gambling-house, and even the minor theatre. If every one who is in danger of being plundered, would buy a copy of this treatise, the publisher would make his fortune.

IN PROMPTU.

On reading a miserable attempt at wit, signed with the letter Q.

Thou poor witless wit,
By frenzy thus bit,
With pity thy ravings we view:—
Thy head is quite gone,
Of brains thou hast none;
So pry'thee expose not thy "QUEU!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

THERE is now in the press, a new edition of Bishop Andrews' "Pious Private Quotidianum," first published in 1676, in Greek and Latin.

Mr. Bentley, a member of the Asiatic Society, has in the press, we understand, "An Historical View of the Hindu Astronomy," from the earliest dawn of that science in India, down to the present time.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Millburn's Oriental Commerce, by Thornton, royal 8vo. 16. 6s. Selections from the Latin Poets, Part I. 6s. Part II. 6s. 6d. Scottish Tourist, 12mo. 8s. bound. Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, 18mo. 8s. bound. Memoirs of Miss G. E. Carr, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Boyd's Key to the Psalms, 8vo. 6s. 6d. Boyd's Thoughts on an Illustration of the Sacrament, new edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d. Bickersteth on the Sacrament, new edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

	August	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	18	from 54 to 65	29.90 to 30.06
Friday	19	53 to 65	30.10 to 30.19
Saturday	20	49 to 70	30.20 to 30.26
Sunday	21	49 to 70	30.26 to 30.28
Monday	22	49 to 70	30.20 to 30.17
Tuesday	23	51 to 74	30.17 to 30.07
Wednesday	24	47 to 73	30.06 to 30.06

Wind N. and N.W. till Monday, when it became E. and N.E. with a little S.E. on the Wednesday morning. A little misty rain on the Thursday, but the evaporation has succeeded the moisture, though the fog was announced on the Wednesday morning.

Edinburgh.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We request our correspondents with, at this migratory season, do us the favour to send their communications as early as possible in the week, if proposed for the ensuing Gazette.

Edgar is very well; but there is no novelty in the thoughts to recommend his *Harp* to a place.

Mapotay is not sufficiently polished.

Avroc has hardly enough of originality.—We would hail cobble R. S. a little.

A correspondent says—"I should be glad to be informed, through the medium of your Gazette, if there be any catalogue or list extant, of the pictures forming the Gallery of Charles I. and which were afterwards dispersed during the Revolution? also, if there is named in it, a Portrait of St. Helen, the Mother of Constantine the Great? Such a picture is in existence, and the family in whose possession it is, have a tradition that it formed part of the above gallery."—There is, we know, such a catalogue: will any of our readers who have a copy, say if the above portrait is mentioned in it?—En.

R. J. shall be welcome: the sooner the better, as we pray sometimes at this season, and have often to send considerable distances.

Communications from Enfield and Walworth, have several times reached us, which, with many others received in the course of the week, will be duly noticed in our next.

Errata in our review of Moss's Bibliography, in our last Page 546, col. 1, line 48, for "before that," read "before in that."

col. 1, line 53, for "of no consequence," read "of consequence."

col. 2, line 54, for "edition," read "editor."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THEATRE OF ANATOMY, Blenheim-street,

Great Marlborough-street.—The Anatomical Course of Lectures in Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery, will be commenced on Saturday, the 1st of October, at 8 o'clock.

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TEMBER, price 1s. contains a correct View of the new Hall of Christ's Hospital (London)—Also, a Memoir of Abraham Rees, D.D.—Essay (No. 8), to the Just—On the Influence of early Education: with Reviews of New Works, &c. &c. Published by Fisher, Son, & Co., George Newgate-street, London: and by all Booksellers and Stationers.

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THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, and Church

of Ireland Magazine. Conducted by Members of the

Established Church.

Contents.—1. On the Importance of the Clerical

Character.—2. Hore Hibernica, No. III.—3. Thoughts upon the

Death and Sufferings of Christ.—4. Reflections on the Collection

Epistles, and the meaning of the words "Lord" and "Saviour."

5. A Sermon in the House of Commons, on the 10th of

History of Waterford.—11. Foreign Religious Intelligence.—12.

Domestic Religious Intelligence.—13. Religious Education.—14.

Association for discounting 3s. 6d. Sunday School Society.

Conversion of a Roman Catholic Priest.—15. Ecclesiastical

Intelligence.—16. Literary and Philosophical Intelligence.—17.

New Publications.—18. View of Public Affairs.—19. Poetry.—20.

The Abbey of Mellicott—Lines by the Rev. John Marriott.—The

Watchman's Song, by W. Curry, Jun. and Co., and Hamilton,

Dublin: printed for W. Curry, Jun. and Co., and Hamilton,

Adams, and Co. Paternoster-row, London.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for

SEPTEMBER, contains, among various other interesting

1. My Book, No. 1. Miscellaneous—2. Men, Women,

and Simony, or a New Sex Discovered.—3. Coronation

of Charles X. and of the Kings of Danbury.—4. The Old school

of Drom—5. London Lyrics.—The Maiden's Lament.—6. Grim's

Close, No. 86. Anti-Old-of-town Company.—7. Embellishments

of London.—8. The Lion Fight.—9. The Family Journal, No. 91.

Conversation of Swift and Pope.—Provincial Ballads, No. 3.

The Legend of the Colopion Oak.—10. Raglan's Travelling

Sketches, No. 2.—11. Letters from Rome, No. 2.—12. History of

Messiah.—13. The Rubric.—14. The Ten Commandments at the

Barred Fountains.—15. Anthony and Cleopatra, in Anecdotes, by L. J.

16. The Universal Caliph.—17. Valentinian, Commodus, and La

Verga.—18. Ulla; or, the Adornment.—20. Keno, More, and Sir

W. Temple, a Dialogue.—21. The Lady of the Lake.—22. Review

of New Publications.—23. The Urmag. Catechetical.—24. The

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sophical.—26. Useful Arts.—27. Rural Economy.—28. The

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Urmag. Catechetical.—31. The Urmag. Catechetical.—32. The

Urmag. Catechetical.—33. The Urmag. Catechetical.—34. The

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THE LONDON MAGAZINE, No. IX. (New Series) for Sept. 1843. Contents:—A Journal of a Detour, an Eye-witness of the Events in Paris during the first four months of 1841, No. 1.—Ode to the Anatomical Vase—Letter from Rome on the present state of Italian Literature—British Institution, No. II.—The Bricks of the Modern Babylon—Wines, No. II.—The Wines of France—More Fashions—Sorrows of ***—On the Domestication of Wild Animals—Review: The Complete Servant—Letters from Paris, by Grimm's Grandson, No. IX.—Butleriana, from his unpublished MSS.—Music of the Month—Review: Tales, by the O'Hara Family—Literary Intelligence, Books published, University Intelligence, &c. &c. &c.
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